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THE MURDEROUS ASSAULT ON MRS MUTTER NEAR NEWARK, N.J.

# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

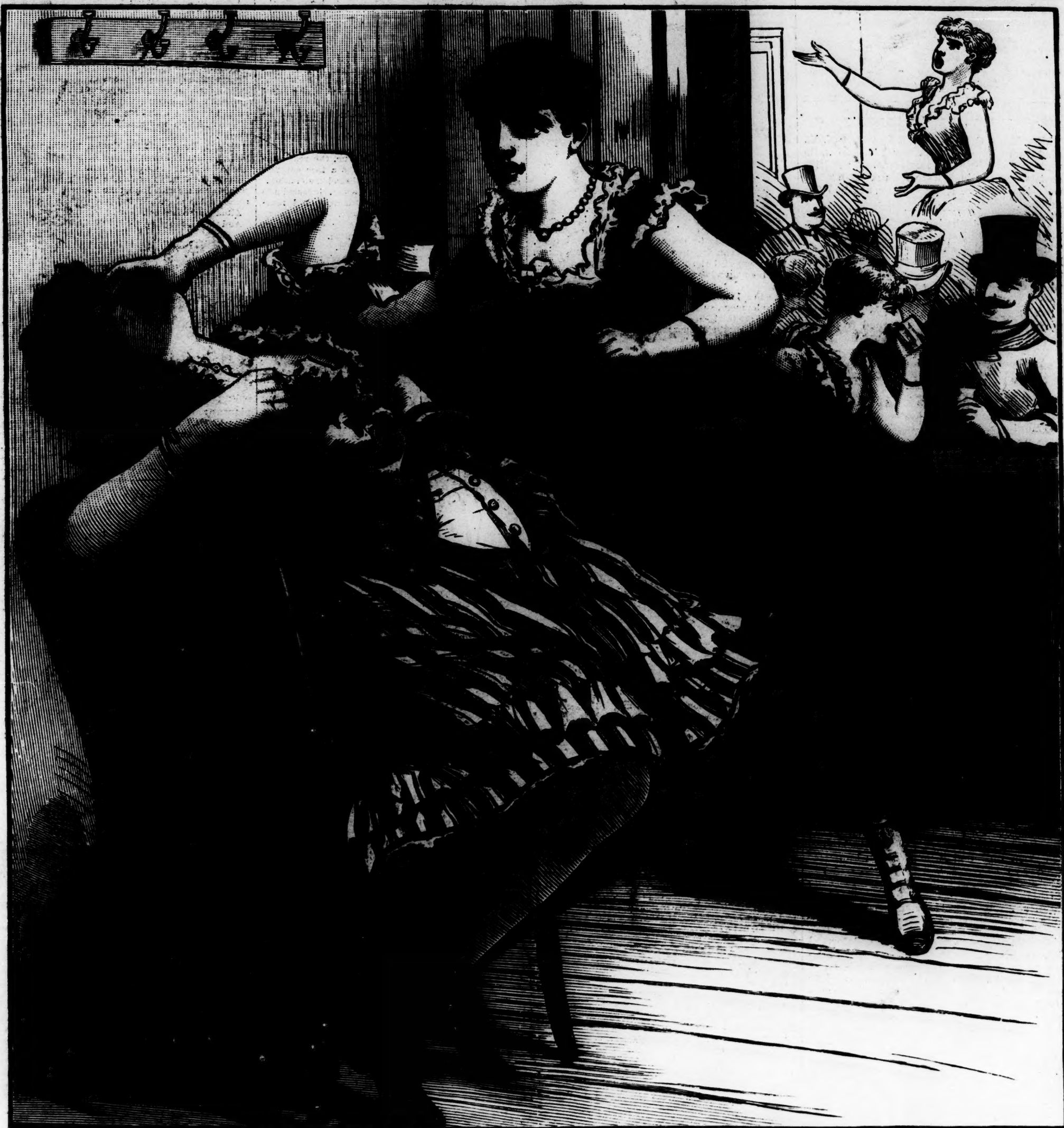
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1889.

VOLUME LIII.—No. 603  
Price Ten Cents.



FELL DEAD AFTER FINISHING HER SONG.  
THE SAD FATE OF PRETTY ANNIE CORDES IN AN EAST SIDE DIVE, NEW YORK CITY.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1889.

### IMPORTANT!

Energetic young men in towns and villages where the POLICE GAZETTE is not being sold, and where there is no regular newsdealer, can add to their income by selling the GAZETTE and our

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mrs. Mary C. Edwards, of Saratoga, N. Y., died from a broken hip a few days ago while undergoing faith-cure treatment. The faith curists say she didn't have enough faith when the crisis came. In our opinion, she had too much.

THE Minnesota legislature has just killed a bill to abolish capital punishment in that State. This is practically an endorsement of the gallows, and is no doubt for the best interests of the public, for to abolish capital punishment would only serve to encourage lynch law.

SUPERINTENDENT MURRAY of the Metropolitan police force recently returned from the South, where he has been enjoying a brief sojourn to obtain rest and relaxation. We are glad to hear that his trip was a pleasant one, and that he returns perfectly recuperated.

PROHIBITION Iowa, says an exchange, has had five murder trials on her hands in the last two months, and in four of these the murderers were proved to have been drunk when the crime was committed. Notwithstanding this, the temperance cranks are all the time howling that prohibition lessens crime.

THE discipline of Sing Sing Prison was greatly disturbed on Wednesday by an altercation between two convicts, one of whom threw the other over the gallery railing, and he fell to the stone floor below, badly injured. Sing Sing is the last place we should have looked for an occurrence of this kind.

E. POWELL, a temperance lecturer, died from delirium tremens at Junction City, Kan., recently. He started in the temperance business with an idea of making money, having previously resigned a position as cashier in a bank. The public are beginning to see the folly of taking stock in this class of temperance advocates.

THE Connecticut legislature has passed a law prohibiting boys from smoking or using tobacco in any form. It is one thing to pass a law and quite another to enforce it. Why didn't the legislators of the Nutmeg State pass a law to keep boys in straight jackets while they were about it? It would have been as sensible as their present enactment.

THE city of Milwaukee, Wis., will very probably pay dearly for the raids made by mobs on the Chinese in that town a short time since, when it was discovered that several little girls had been outraged in one or two laundries owned by the Orientals. The POLICE GAZETTE favors standing by the law, but of the two evils we think in this case the Milwaukeeans did about right, and the city government should cheerfully abide by the consequences.

REV. CYRUS CORT, pastor of the Reformed Church of Green Castle, one of the ablest ministers in Southern Pennsylvania, according to a recent special from Chambersburg, recently created a big sensation by denouncing the prohibition cause in unmeasured terms. He regards it as "unscriptural and wrong in principle," and says he "could not consistently endorse prohibition without running counter" to what he considers "the genius of free and constitutional government." Reverend Cort further proceeds to pour hot shot in the prohibition camp as follows: "As a practical measure of temperance reform prohibition has been largely a failure and tends to create a community of spies, informers, and hypocrites—the most abominable state of society that we can conceive."

## MASKS AND FACES

4-11-44---Tim Murphy's Trowsers.

BONAPARTE ON ACTING.

Hits and Foul---"Honor Bright"---  
"The Marquise."

OUT OF A JOB---POWDER PUFFS.

"Some persons kick at the salaries they get," said Softly.  
"Ya-as," answered Hublet, "but ballet girls, don't you know, they kick before they get them."



And then, after the obligatory feeble ha ha! common to dudes, they entered the theatre and disturbed seventeen people by crawling back into their seats, and stepping on fifty-two toes and twenty-three corns. It's wonderful the number of actors and actresses who are out of a job and looking for one.

I glanced over Dunlop's Register, a new and useful guide to aid managers in knowing what people are out of employment, and I found some astonishing facts.

There are thirty-nine "leading ladies" doing nothing but polishing their finger nails and reading the papers. There are forty-two "old women" ready for action.

No less than forty "singing songbettes" are willing to oblige.

And then the ingenues, the prime donne, the burlesquers.

My dear Miss Rustic, you who may read this in some quiet hamlet where spring is just beginning to put forth its first green shoots, let this be a warning.

Don't try to go on the stage.

It's overcrowded.

Don't believe in actors.

They're no good.

There has been a first-class row at the Metropolitan Opera House.

It's all about a kiss and a woman.

Alvany is a tenor, and Kalisch is a tenor and the husband besides of Lili Lehman.

Alvany and Lehman generally play together, and, in one of the operas of Wagner, Alvany gives Lehman a kiss that lasts some thirty-seven seconds.

Wagner insists that the kiss should last thirty-seven seconds, and suits his music to that thirty-seven-second kiss.

Now Kalisch, the young and handsome husband, didn't like this, and Lehman didn't like it herself.

Besides, Lili wanted Alvany out, so that her husband, Kalisch, might draw the nice, fat salary drawn by Alvany.

And the upshot of it all is that Alvany goes next season and Kalisch remains.

Woman, lovely woman, is at the bottom of it all.

Mr. Harrigan, by the way, ought to have more lovely women in his company.

He revived "McNooney's Visit" under the new title of "4-11-44" last week.

I find that, with the exception of Miss Annie O'Neil, our popular actor-author has surrounded himself by ladies whose looks denote that they are four times eleven forty-four.

Mr. Harrigan is all right, Mrs. Yeamans is all right, Mr. Billy West is all right, Mr. Joseph Sparks is all right. But surely the Emerald Isle could send better specimens of female loveliness to that stage, even as stage wall flowers, than are there at present.

I hear that Richard Mansfield, in London, conceives and plays Richard III naturally, as a man, a bad man, it is true, but as a man of flesh and blood and not as a stiff, stilted, stacey villain.

If Mansfield plays him that way he does wisely.

We've had too much of kings with artificial rant, and princes swept by fustian tury.

Old Napoleon took a great fancy to old Talma.

Talma, the actor, looked a good deal like Napoleon, the general. That may have been the reason. At any rate, Napoleon once gave Talma a rattling lecture on acting.

Here is what he said:

"Take you," said Napoleon to Talma, "because you are always the personage you represent. Pompey, Caesar, Augustus, that sly politician, can never have resembled actors who are always on the stage and absorbed in getting themselves applauded. They used to speak and not to declaim; and even at the tribune or at the head of armies they were orators, and not actors. Look you, Talma," added the Emperor, "you often come to see me in the morning. You meet a



number of people. There are princesses who have been robbed of their lovers, princes who have lost their dominions, kings of yesterday whom war has brought to the top, victorious generals who are hoping for or asking for crowns. There are round me deluded ambitions, ardent rivalries, catastrophes, sorrows concealed at the bottom of the heart, afflictions which force their way into notice. Certainly there is plenty of tragedy; my palace is full of it, and I myself am assuredly the most tragic of the figures of the time. Well, do you see us raise our arms in the air, study our gestures, assume attitudes, affect airs of greatness? Do you hear us utter cries? Doubtless, no. We speak naturally, as each one speaks when he is inspired by an interest or a passion. So did the people who before us occupied the world's state and also played tragedy on the throne. These are the examples to follow."

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"Oh, yes, Mr. Van, very well."

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And "Barney," the magician's right-hand man, fascinated the fair sex with his diamond pin.

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Sidney Rosenfeld, William Rising, Dunlevy, of the *Evening Telegram*, and Rosen, of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, stood in the vestibule of the Madison Square Theatre on a rainy afternoon last week.

They watched the moist, but swell, mob come in to see "Honor Bright," a new society play by Mrs. Allen Arthur.

Each one of these gentlemen announced that he was waiting for a lady.

"What a good farce in one act our waiting here would make!" said Rosenfeld. "Suppose, for an instant, we were all four waiting here, and waiting, unwittingly, for the same lady!"

If you'd seen that house that afternoon, you would never have supposed that we are in the midst of Lent.

You would not have for a moment imagined that we are in the penitential period when the eyes of Miss Society are generally believed to alternate between a prayer book and heaven.

It was a gay, glad gathering.

Kate Forsythe was there, and Marie Burroughs, and Mrs. Booth.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., sat in a box.

Mrs. O'Sullivan Dimpfel was ensconced in an orchestra chair.

Grace Filkins beamed modestly in the orchestra circle.

The play of "Honor Bright" transpires in four acts at Narragansett.

Emily Riegl played the title role, a young widow smirched by calumny for a time, but righted at last.

Dorothy Dorr, as the emotional ingenue, affected the Andersonian chest tone to excess.

Johnstone Bennett, as the girl of the play, assumed a lisp and a stutter that caught the house, and showed more versatility than I supposed was in her.

Louis Massen was manly and effective in the climaxes.

Walden Ramsey, as the dudish villain, was rather plum puddingly heavy in most of his scenes, but redeemed his work by a capital exit.

Harry Woodruff looked a fine young fellow, and his comedy scenes with Johnstone Bennett were the best things in the play.

Altogether a success.

And Cupid, the pet protege of Comedy, in spite of the season of Lent, plays his pranks.

The busy, naughty world goes on.

Le Grand White, ex-husband of Minnie Madern, gets married to Jennie Eustace.

Ted D. Marks is engaged to Helen Marlborough.

Sol Liechtenstein has married Edith Jenness.

And the ladies are getting ready to read "Marriage Below Zero," a piquant novel by my esteemed colleague, Allan Dale.

Well, well, let our theatrical men, such as owe money, get married and settle down.

It's best.

But before they settle down perhaps it would be well for them to be sure and settle up.

ROSEN.

THEY WERE JEALOUS OVER A MASHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special to the New York Sun from Buffalo, N. Y., dated March 22, says: A popular politician of dashing ways is mixed up in a peculiar scandal, which has become public through an exhibition of jealous rage on the part of Mrs. Josie Melville, wife of Harry Melville, a railroad contractor, who is now in California. Mrs. Melville was this afternoon released from the Erie County Penitentiary, where she had been sent for ten days by Judge King for an assault on a lady whom she believed to be her rival in the politician's affections. The release was on an appeal, and the politician signed the bail bond.

The victim of the assault was a society lady, Mrs. Thomas T. Warren, of Wadsworth street, who went with her husband to the Court Street Theatre. Just as the show was on Mrs. Melville rushed at her, striking her a violent blow in the face. Mrs. Warren is much smaller than the other woman. Her husband interfered and tried unsuccessfully to find a policeman. Outside the theatre Mrs. Melville called Mrs. Warren a foul name, and offered to punish her some more. When arrested Mrs. Melville insisted that Mrs. Warren had insulted her, although she did not know her. The affair has created a big sensation in swell society in Buffalo.

HARVARD BOYS AS COCK FIGHTERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There were four Harvard students who did not attend morning recitation to-day. They were instead squaring matters with outraged justice on account of a cock fight in which they were interested last night.

The fight was arranged by L. Danielson, a trainer at the college, between a bird owned by the students and a Dublin cock. Last night, with their bird secreted in a bag, the students, numbering twenty or more, went to a dwelling in North Cambridge, Mass., the appointed place of meeting. While the main was in progress all hands were captured by the police.

DR. WILL DALE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The handsome face and figure of Dr. Will Dale, the celebrated Diamond King Indian Doctor of the Cumberland Valley, appears among our collection of portraits this week. The doctor is a man of much importance in the Cumberland Valley, where he and his troupe of Indians have been exciting a great deal of interest. Dr. Dale is the owner of the Indian band that surrendered "Little Bear" to the Carlisle, Pa., Indian School of Training. He is only twenty-nine years of age and is a native of Louisville, Ky.

Admirers of the manly art of self-defense can secure a collection of Cabinet Photographs of all the leading pugilists for 10 cents each by addressing Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

Elegant Cabinet Photographs of all the prominent wrestlers mailed to any address for 10 cents each from this office.

number of people. There are princesses who have been robbed of their lovers, princes who have lost their dominions, kings of yesterday whom war has brought to the top, victorious generals who are hoping for or asking for crowns. There are round me deluded ambitions, ardent rivalries, catastrophes, sorrows concealed at the bottom of the heart, afflictions which force their way into notice. Certainly there is plenty of tragedy; my palace is full of it, and I myself am assuredly the most tragic of the figures of the time. Well, do you see us raise our arms in the air, study our gestures, assume attitudes, affect airs of greatness? Do you hear us utter cries? Doubtless, no. We speak naturally, as each one speaks when he is inspired by an interest or a passion. So did the people who before us occupied the world's state and also played tragedy on the throne. These are the examples to follow."

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## POLITICAL PLEDGES.

### A Slippery Trade in Slippery Hands.

### SHE OBJECTED TO KISSING.

### A Loose Lord on the Tramp.

### SPOILING COLLEGE SPORT.

### A Los Angeles Women's Duel--Appearances That Were Deceptive.

### BARBECUED BABY.

Hanging is generally regarded as a very serious matter. Some men hang on by their eyelids. Some men hang out on credit, and some hang to a thing by the skin of their teeth. But a man who will prepare himself for being hanged with solos on the flute certainly deserves a good word for his nerve.

Such a person was Virgil Jackson, who was hanged in Utica last week. Virgil had shot a man in a quarrel up at Augusta Centre, and was condemned to death for



A MURDERER AND HIS EXECUTIONER.

his crime. He took his sentence calmly, and did not put himself out with any unnecessary preparations for death. "If I've got to go I've got to go," he said, and he evidently meant it.

When the morning of his execution came around it found him not only calm but chipper. He ordered a hearty breakfast and ate it. Then he asked the sheriff:

"How much time have I got before the steamboat starts?"

"Two hours," replied the sheriff, after a consultation of his watch.

"All right," said Virgil, cheerfully, "we will now have some music on the subject."

And he got out his flute and tooted away on it till the dread hour arrived, when he went off and was strung up in peaceful harmony.

Lord Lonsdale is, or was, an English nobleman, who made his debut in America as the manager of a London burlesque company. He got rather a warm reception personally, while his company got such a cold one that all hands were glad to get back to England without having to swim. A year later His Lordship returned, and announced his intention of making a journey to the North Pole by land.

He went up into Canada, and that is about the last that has been heard of him. And now his friends in London are very seriously troubled as to whether he is dead or alive. His creditors are also, and naturally, anxious to find out all about it.

A trapper from a Hudson Bay Company's post recently found the dead bodies of two hunters named Finlayson in the snow. They had gone out with Lord Lonsdale, and had evidently been overcome by the weather and laid down to die. Since then the gravest doubts are entertained about His Lordship himself.



THE PROBABLE FATE OF AN ENGLISH LORD.

But the probabilities are that he is enjoying life among the Esquimaux and making the Esquimaux as happy as a good many title-hungry New York belles would like to be.

"Set 'em up again!" was His Lordship's favorite cry while he was in New York.

If he is not setting 'em up again inside the Arctic Circle, it is probably because there is nothing there to be set up, or means to set them up with.

Politics is a great trade. It has often been remarked that when a man goes into politics he is certain to never in the future be fit for anything else. This is assuredly true in nine instances out of ten. The office seeker—who never finds an office as far as anyone has been able to discover—is the most useless, worthless



THE WAY MRS. GILMARTIN PUSHED HER HUSBAND'S CLAIMS FOR A FAT OFFICE.

and unhappy of created beings upon the Western continent.

Nevertheless, people seek for office continually, and the more they do not find it the more determined they are to get there in the end. Some men go office hunting themselves. Some send their wives to do it for them. It is the latter method of procedure that has involved George Washington Gilmartin in trouble.

George Washington Gilmartin was happy as long as he was the cashier of a wholesale liquor store. He was in receipt of a handsome salary and lived in good style in a Brooklyn flat. Mrs. Gilmartin could afford to ride in a hansom when she felt like it, and had a \$500 sealskin for winter wear.

But in an evil hour G. W. G. went in for politics. He met a lot of people in the store and heard a lot of political talk. Being rather glib of tongue himself, he fell in the habit of chiming in and so gained a preliminary reputation as a politician. One day just before the last election one of his store acquaintances suggested to him that he might make himself useful to the Republican party and lay the foundation of a fortune for himself by working up some ballot box enthusiasm among his friends in Brooklyn. The tempter talked so long and cajoled so earnestly that George Washington Gilmartin succumbed and pledged himself to the good work.

The more he thought about it the brighter the prospect it offered appeared to him. He commenced to see cabinet positions, or at least fat foreign consulships as his reward, and so he determined to cut the wholesale liquor business altogether and go in for politics first, last and every time. He tendered his resignation accordingly and went to work for the party.

To his intense astonishment he grew no richer very fast. He used up his savings bank account. His watch and his diamond pin went in soak. Then Mrs. Gilmartin's \$500 sealskin found its way into the soup. One morning George Washington Gilmartin awoke from



HE ASKED FOR A KISS. SHE HIT HIM OVER THE HEAD.

troubled dreams to find himself on his uppers with no hopes of ever getting a pair of soles to his boots again except by a miracle.

At this juncture Mrs. Gilmartin had her little say. All she had to say was that Mr. Gilmartin had better hit the party for a position right away quick, and if he did not she would. Mr. Gilmartin, who was naturally of a somewhat modest demeanor, declined to push his claims.

"If they don't appreciate me," said he, "I'm not going to ask them to."

"Well," said Mrs. Gilmartin, "I am."

And she went off to see the Congressman herself. She went to see him several times. Every time she went to see him she brought better news home with her. But finally George Washington Gilmartin began to grow suspicious and thought he would call on the Congressman himself. He knew where he lived, but he did not find him in. So he dropped in at a convenient hotel to drown his disappointment in a glass of beer. A familiar voice in the back room caught his ear. He walked back and found his wife and the Congressman in a very familiar way drinking beer and talking about the weather.

There was a merry time of it while it lasted. When it ended the amateur politician was taken home on a truck. Mrs. George Washington Gilmartin is now stopping temporarily with her mamma, and the Congressman is attending strictly to business.

There is no moral in this story except that, should you go in for politics, you will be wise to do your own office seeking yourself and do not deputize, authorize or permit your handsome wife to attend to it for you.

Seeking for lodgings seems, also, to be a perilous business in its way. William Wintergreen, of Chicago, embarked upon it recently. William experienced the need of a change of quarters, and looked through the

Photographs of all the leading pedestrians. Price only 10 cents each. Send orders to Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

papers to see where they might be found. He answered several advertisements without discovering the exact quality of palatial surroundings that he yearned for, and finally rang the bell of a nice looking house which answered to one of the numbers he had written down.

A prim maid servant opened the door, and William stepped within.

"Show me your rooms," said he.

"Yes, sir," answered the prim maid servant.

"And give me a kiss," said William, "before we start."

The prim maid servant was, apparently, not one of the osculatory kind. She hit William over the head with the hatrack, and then proceeded to walk all over him as he laid, breathless and bleeding, on the floor. William escaped with his life, but now the maid servant is suing him for damages. She says he made an attempt upon her virtue. William insists that he only made an attempt to hire a room which was advertised in the newspapers. Thus do opinions differ, even upon the simplest subjects and in the best society in Chicago.

The way our college boys are being restricted in their pleasures certainly calls for reproof. If this sort of thing keeps on there will soon be no pleasure in going to Yale or Harvard at all. All that will be involved will be hard work.

The New Haven police are looking for a gang of collegians who pulled down the statue of a mouldy old professor of mathematics from its base on the Campus, and now the Cambridge police have laid several Harvard men by the heels for attending a cock fight.

It seems that several of the Harvard men raise pets of the game breed. One of these was a cock which was the pride of the whole college, and one day the boys got talking about the noble bird in a saloon where they spent an occasional hour of relaxation among the professional sports of Cambridge.

"He can lick anything with feathers in this town," said one of the collegians.



COLLEGE BOYS PULL DOWN A STATUE.

"I'll bet you an even five hundred he can't lick a Dublin bird of mine," said a veteran sport.

The wager was accepted and the battlefield named. The college boys carried their feathered champion there in a bag. The birds were turned loose at each other in the pit, when bang! went the door and in came the police.

There won't be any more cock fighting at Harvard College—at least for several weeks to come.

Los Angeles, Cal., enjoys the distinction of possessing one of the unique establishments of the United States. It is a gin mill, dive and general hi-you-muck-a-muck retreat that reminds one of the hostelry of the late Joe Beef of Montreal, only more so.

It is run by a man who used to be an actor, and is one of the sights of the town. All visitors to Los Angeles are led to it, and all sorts of entertainments are provided for their diversion.

Recently mine host imported a couple of Japanese girls from a red-curtain house in Yokohama. They were to dance on the stage, serve wine in the audience and do their best to amuse the visitors.

For a little while they got along swimmingly together. But pretty soon one commenced to sell more wine and make more mashes of amusement-loving callers than the other. Then the trouble began.

It culminated in the fair but frail daughters of the Mikado's Empire getting at each other with knives, and before the police arrived to interrupt the duel there was about one and a half Japanese girl left.

The other half was distributed in gory little bits on the floor.

A new dish has been discovered down in North Carolina. It is roast baby.

The man who invented it is a negro with a large



HE DINED ON ROAST BABY.

family and very little money to feed it with. The family consequently did not always get enough to eat, and he himself had to put up with short commons.

One day he was observed to take one of his small children out into the woods. When he came back he was alone, and he told his wife he had left the baby with a neighbor over night.

Next day he took another of the babies off, with a similar result.

Next day he set out for the woods with still another of his offspring, when his wife, who had grown sus-

picious, followed him, and found him roasting it over a fire in the forest.

He had broken its neck and put it on to cook like a young shooat, and he was very indignant when he was arrested. "De Lord done tole me t' do hit," said he. "Whaffer you go agin de Lord?"

And he went to jail singing camp meeting hymns and adjuring his captors to come to grace.

Things are not always what they seem, as the Sayres family, of Bangor, Pa., have discovered lately, and everything that does not glitter is not necessarily worthless. The Sayres family was deceived by appearances and is now the happier for it.

It appears that the wife of John W. Sayres had a



THE TRAMP WHO DECEIVED THE BANGOR PEOPLE.

brother who was prosperous but eccentric. One fine morning this brother, whose name was David Murray, disappeared, and it was found that he had sold out his property and gone West.

Thirty years passed, and the missing brother remained missing. Last week a miserable old tramp walked into Bangor on very weary feet. The dogs barked at him and the boys hooted him, but he bore up straight for John W. Sayres' factory and called for the boss.

"Don't you know me?" he asked.

"Why, Great Scott!" cried John W. Sayres. "It's Dave Murray."

"Yes, brother-in-law," said David, "and I have come home poor and broken down to die."

"Well," said John W. Sayres, "you needn't be in any hurry to die. Come up to the house and live with us."

Mrs. Sayres received her long-lost brother as cordially as did her husband. The old man wept. Mr. and Mrs. Sayres assured him that his home could be with them, and he sobbed. Then thanking them, with tears in his eyes, he reached into his boot and pulled therefrom a roll of bills. From a waist belt he took more greenbacks and a sack of gold; from a hidden pocket more money, and from another one more package, until he had astonished them with thousands of dollars.

He then had himself shaved, bathed and clothed in a new suit which he extracted from his valise, and went out, satisfied with his trick, to paralyze the town.

Bangor, Pa., is just now the softest town for tramps in the United States.

Every time one turns up to beg a meal's victuals or a shelter, people suspect that he is a long lost brother and give him a warm welcome and the best in the house.

Even people who never had a brother to lose suspect he might be an uncle or a cousin, and treat him accordingly.

Whenever you see a fat and happy looking tramp, make up your mind he has been on a visit to Bangor, Pa. HI FLYER.

### THEY TOPPLED OVER TOGETHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was great commotion in one of the upper corridors of Sing Sing prison a few days ago in consequence of an altercation between convicts Roberts and Johnson. The prisoners in the cells rushed to the doors and watched the desperate struggle eagerly. Those who couldn't see it yelled, believing it to be a general uprising. Those in the line which preceded them turned their heads and would have stopped if it hadn't been that discipline overcame them. The keepers on the gallery rushed at the men. They fought across the narrow passageway once or twice. Then Johnson ran Roberts up against the three-foot railing and bent his back over it.

Before the keepers could reach the spot they toppled over together. The guards looked down. They saw the men, locked in each other's arms, turn over in the air. They struck the stone floor, thirty feet below, and Johnson uttered a scream. He was underneath. Johnson sustained serious injuries. Roberts was apparently unhurt. He was immediately placed in the dark cell and Johnson was taken care of by the doctor.

### SHE SLEPT ON THE TRACK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

When the Manistee and Northwestern Railroad Company was being built into Manistee, Mich., Mrs. A. P. Sorenson concluded she didn't want the road to run in front of her house, and ordered the track-layers to clear out. They laughed at her. Then she took her rocking-chair and knitting work and sat down on the right of way. The railroaders picked her up and set her aside. She wouldn't stay set aside, however, and returned with her chair and some blankets and camped down again. Her meals were brought to her, and she ate, drank and slept there during the raw November days and nights. The track was laid up to her camp each way, and when the company wanted to connect the links the gritty obstructionist was arrested and sent to jail. On Saturday a jury gave her a verdict of \$300 and costs for false imprisonment, but the railroad is built.

### A QUARTETTE OF ASSASSINS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

A short time since Deputy Marshal B. C. Cantrell arrested John Billy, Thomas Willis, Mottison James and Steve Graham, full-blooded Choctaw Indians, charged with the murder of D. C. Williams, a Texas traveler, near Talihua, I. T., whom, it is alleged, they killed for his money. The crime was executed in the most atrocious manner.

### CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York city, will receive the recipe free of charge.





MABEL HUDSON,  
A YOUNG AND PRETTY OPERA SINGER OF FINE TALENT AND PROMISE.



CHAS. E. DAVIES,  
BETTER KNOWN AS "THE PARSON," OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



A BRIDAL COUPLE BOMBARDED WITH EGGS.  
THE MORTIFYING EXPERIENCE OF A YOUNG MARRIED PAIR AT ALMA, NEBRASKA.



SHE SLEPT ON THE TRACK.  
HOW PLUCKY MRS. SORENSON OF MANISTEE, MICH., TEMPORARILY STOPPED A  
RAILROAD FROM BEING BUILT IN FRONT OF HER HOUSE.



FOUGHT WITH SHORT-BLADED SWORDS.  
THE EXCITING BATTLE WHICH TOOK PLACE IN A SUBURBAN SPORTING RESORT AT  
LOS ANGELES, CAL., BETWEEN TWO JAPANESE GIRLS.



HE INSULTED MISS MARSDEN.  
A BIG MASHER COMES TO GRIEF IN AN UPTOWN RESTAURANT BY THE PLUCKY  
INTERPOSITION OF MR. A. J. DUNLOP.





FRANK HERALD,  
THE "NICETOWN CRASHER," A WELL-KNOWN HEAVY-WEIGHT  
PUGILIST WHO HAS MET MOST OF THE BIG 'UNS.



THEY TOPPLED OVER TOGETHER.  
CONVICTS ROBERTS AND JOHNSON QUARREL IN SING SING  
PRISON AND FIGHT IT OUT IN THE GALLERY.



DR. WILL DALE,  
THE DIAMOND KING INDIAN DOCTOR WHO HAS BEEN ASTONISHING  
THE NATIVES OF CUMBERLAND VALLEY.



"I'VE JUST KILLED MY GIRL."  
HOW WILLIAM SHANNON GAVE HIMSELF AWAY AND WAS ARRESTED FOR THE  
MURDER OF BLANCHE GRAY AT BALTIMORE, MD.



DESERTED HIM FOR DRUNKENNESS.  
SENSATIONAL SUICIDE OF "GENERAL" TILLMAN AT COVINGTON, GA., WHILE TRY-  
ING TO PERSUADE HIS WIFE TO LIVE WITH HIM.



TOSSED PENNIES FOR AN OFFICE.  
HOW T. A. BURY AND NEL SUTHERLAND, CANDIDATES FOR RECORDER,  
DECIDED A TIE VOTE AT TWO HARBORS, MINN.



A QUARTETTE OF ASSASSINS.  
A BAND OF FULL-BLOODED CHOCTAW INDIANS CHARGED WITH MURDERING D. C. WIL-  
LIAMS NEAR TALIHUUA, INDIAN TERRITORY.



## TOO MANY OF 'EM.

Minneapolis, Minn.,  
Overrun by  
Gamblers.

## QUIET POKER ROOMS.

How and Where Fast  
Young Bloods are  
Skinned.

SOME "BRACE GAMES."

[SPECIAL TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., March 23, 1899.

The old adage that "one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives," is especially applicable to a class of well-dressed men who can daily be seen on the streets of Minneapolis or lounging about the hotel corridors. There is nothing peculiar about these fellows by which the ordinary citizen can pick them out. They are suave in manner, and as a rule dress quietly, apparently with the idea of avoiding observation. But one thing that will strike any one who will take the trouble to watch one of them for half an hour, is the number of acquaintances they have. They shake hands as many times within an hour as a Fourth ward alderman will on the day before election. These fellows are always well supplied with money, but where it comes from none but the initiated can tell. They never work, or if they do labor at all it is only to cover their real calling and give a semblance of respectability to themselves and their actions. They are human spiders of the most venomous kind and they are enticing the young men of this city into a web which is entangling more than one young man to his sure and rapid destruction. These fellows are on friendly terms with the bartenders of all the principal saloons. Their full purses and ostentatious liberality make them desirable customers. While they drink little themselves, they are always ready and willing to ask a new acquaintance to take a drink—especially if the new acquaintance is well provided with money.

These fellows are gamblers. Not the fellows who, with diamond emblazoned shirt fronts, preside over a faro table or roulette wheel and give their victims half a chance for their money, but gamblers who run "a sure thing" and when the victim has lost all his money act the part of the good Samaritan and assist him—with plenty of advice. These fellows are too smart to gamble themselves and are content to pose as "managers" of mythical clubs where the only great attraction is poker, and the revenue derived from the "kitty" pays a thousandfold on the money expended in rent, cards and chips.

There is in every community a certain class of young fellows who like to be looked upon as "fast," and anything they can do to gain this reputation is quickly seized upon. Before Chief Brackett assumed control of the police force many of these young men could be found around the tables owned and operated by the police-protected gamblers. When Mr. Brackett took command of the police department these gamblers found a man they could not approach and when he said no gambling would be tolerated in Minneapolis while he was in office they knew he meant what he said and closed their doors and started for pastures new. There were a number of employees and hangers-on at each of these establishments who remained in the city. As they suddenly found themselves out of employment they had to do something to keep alive, and as hard work was out of the question they puzzled their brains for a scheme by which to replenish their empty pockets. At last a poker room was opened near the center of the city. The percentage dropped into the "kitty" by the players far exceeded the expectation of the broken sports, and within a week another room was opened.

Nothing succeeds like success, and before long there was hardly a business neighborhood that did not boast of at least one of these plague spots. At the present time at least forty of these games are running in the city. These games are not, as a rule, open to the public, but any novice with money has no trouble in securing an introduction and receiving a cordial welcome from the owner of the "club." The professional gamblers, however, look on the men who run these poker rooms with disdain, and call them "plinkers," "robbers," and other hard names, and no gambler who has the reputation of being "on the square" can ever be found in one of these resorts. Men are employed to sit in the game by the proprietor, and the victim has but little chance of keeping his own money, let alone winning from any one else. Marked cards, "breast-works," "sleeve-holders," "hold-out-tables" and other mechanical devices are brought into requisition whenever an especially fat pigeon is to be plucked. Cappers and pluggers are employed to entice young men and boys into the games, and as long as a man has the money they care nothing for any of his needs or the uses to which the money should be put. These sure-thing gamblers do not aim too high, and they look upon everything as grist which comes to the mill. A man who only has a \$10 note is generally welcome.

A short time ago a man living on the East Side lost a child. With \$10 in his pocket he crossed the river to secure a coffin for his dead. The fact that the man had \$10 was known to one of the "plinkers" and the father was induced to gamble with the hope of securing enough to buy a better coffin. The \$10 was swept into the gambler's till. The man told his story, but his plea for the return of his money was laughed at. He was very poor, and had it not been for kind friends his child would have been buried by the city.

Last week a young professional man who has an interesting home and a family to take care of was inveigled into one of these dens. He was allowed to win small amounts and finally became a nightly visitor. After drawing his week's salary one night he entered the place. His luck was, curiously enough, bad, and after playing all night he had not only lost a large

amount of ready cash but was still \$120 in debt to the room keeper. He was supposed to have money in the bank and signed a check for the amount. The next day the check was presented and the bank returned it stamped "no funds." The man who now holds the check threatens to expose the young fellow to his employers, but has been prevented so far by a rounder who in turn threatened to drive the gang out of town if any attempt is made to ruin the man who has been fleeced.

The outfit required for a poker room is not expen-

will call the attention of the grand jury to the evil. Chief Brackett's action in suppressing the "clock" fakirs and other small fry games shows that the police are in earnest in their warfare on the gamblers.

### HER SICKNESS DIDN'T STOP THE WEDDING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

William D. Griffin of Scranton, Pa., and Miss Fanny M. Robinson, of this city, were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. William



CAPPERS AND PLUGGERS MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A PROSPECTIVE VICTIM.

sive when a square or honest game is run. A round table covered with cloth, in the centre of which is a slot leading to a capacious drawer underneath, a number of chips of different colors, a few packs of cards and chairs for the players is all that is necessary. The drawer underneath the slot is called the "kitty," and the rake-off made by the bank every time that two pairs show up in a player's hand or every time that a jack-pot is made, opened and won amounts to a large sum in an hour. In a game the other night, in which six men were playing, where the chips cost 5 cents each, the kitty received 45 cents in 15 minutes, and for the day it amounted to \$32.40, and part of the time the table was not occupied. The money was received by the man who ran the room, without risking one penny of his own money. The man who runs the room invariably acts as the banker, and since the \$120 check episode the infallible rule of "checks for money and money for checks" is enforced.

Many of the roomkeepers are not satisfied with the big percentage guaranteed by an honestly conducted game, but employ stool-pigeons to fleece the unwary. In these games apparently new decks of cards are generally used, and often one of the victims will tear off the wrapper in which they are enclosed and shuffle them first. But the cards have all been marked in such a way that the stool-pigeon knows just what cards his opponents hold without looking at their face, and governs his betting accordingly. Mechanical contrivances for concealing cards in the coat sleeve and under the vest of the player are often brought into use and tables arranged for the purpose of "holding out" cards are among the devices employed by these "sure thing" gamblers.

One of the most dangerous poker games is run by a man named Jackson, who hails from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and became known in Minneapolis as manager for Dr. Carver during the recent exhibition given in Washington Park. At the close of the show Jackson left the city, and Dr. Carver said he left him entirely without money. After Carver left Jackson came back and opened a poker room in the National Hotel, on Washington avenue S, which has been well patronized. Some of the heaviest games in the city have been played in Jackson's room and the proceeds of the "kitty" have more than kept the wolf from his door.

On the second floor of the brick building at the southwest corner of Second avenue S and Fifth street,

Tracy, Wilkesbarre, Wednesday evening. Miss Robinson was taken very ill just before her marriage. The young lady was put to bed and restoratives applied, but she suffered great pain. The guests began to arrive and all was in readiness. The groom was present, and the minister, who resides at Wyoming, drove down. The ceremony had been postponed once before on account of the bride becoming ill suddenly. A consultation was held between the groom, Miss Robinson and her mother, and it was resolved to have the wedding go on. A number of the young ladies agreed to dress the bride, and after two hours' work this was accomplished. Then she was carried down stairs in the arms of her brother and the wedding ceremony was proceeded with. The bride was seated in a chair, supported by her brother, while the groom stood by her side. Just before the ceremony closed she fainted, but strong restoratives were applied and the closing words of the service said in the midst of much excitement.

### CHARLES E. DAVIES.

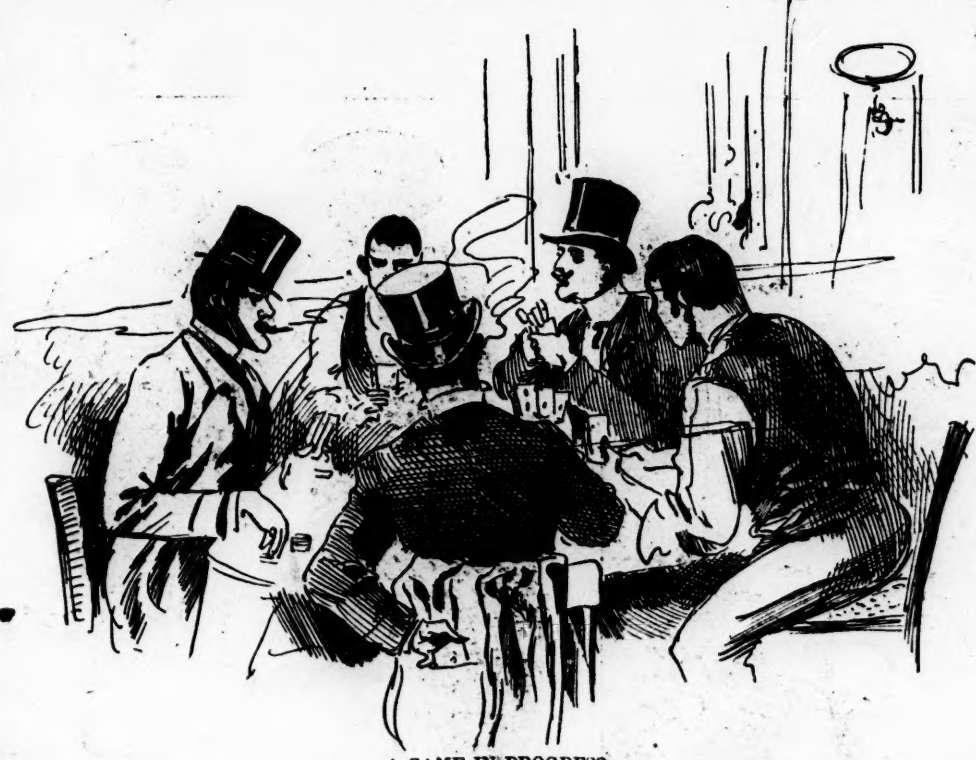
[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Chas. E. Davies, better known throughout the whole world as the "Parson." He is a clever, shrewd manager of sporting events and keeps a first-class sporting resort at No. 85 South Clark street, Chicago, which, by the way, is the leading sporting rendezvous in that city. The Parson is now the manager of the flat encounter between Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, and Frank Murphy, who are to battle for \$2,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt which represents the championship of feather-weights at 120 pounds. Davies has managed several athletic combinations, and made money for every one with whom he has had any business connection in the sporting line. He has the reputation of being square and upright in all his dealings, which have made him so popular and successful.

### SOLD HER VIRTUE DEARLY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Probable murder and a more shameless crime, most brutal and dastardly in character, were committed in a farmhouse midway between Irvington and Waverly, near Newark, N. J., on Wednesday morning. Following the course of country murders that have become



A GAME IN PROGRESS.

so common lately, this one was committed by the hired man, and the victim is the wife of his employer, Ferdinand Mutter. Her story, with its shocking details, is as follows: After Mrs. Juliana Mutter had sent her three elder children off to school in the morning she missed her three-year-old boy Alphonse. Leaving her five-months-old baby in the cradle in charge of a little girl she went out into the barnyard to seek him, and then into the barn. She called him by name, and a smothered voice from the hayloft answered, "Joseph put me here and I can't get out." She was about to go up to the loft when Joseph Saltzmann, the hired man, entered. He addressed her with an insult and seized hold of her.

There was a desperate struggle, and finally Saltzmann pulled a carpenter's hammer from his pocket and beat her with it on the head. She became unconscious and did not recover until she heard her assailant go up to his room in the upper part of the barn.

She held her breath and feigned unconsciousness until she saw him return with his clothes in a bundle under his arm. He stood over her for a moment; she closed her eyes and pretended to be dead. Then he left her. Believing that he had gone, she crawled on her hands and knees to a heap of refuse in the yard, and was about to climb over the fence to alarm her neighbors, when Saltzmann saw her from the house, and, rushing back, grabbed her just as she was about to drop on the other side. He pulled her down, and then began to beat her with a club which he had brought from the house. He struck her on the head and face, and then kicked her with his heavy German hobnailed shoes until she again became unconscious. The ruffian then proceeded to the house, ransacked the bureau for money and valuables and made his escape. The victim lies at the point of death, and will very probably have breathed her last ere these lines are published.

### A BRIDAL COUPLE BOMBARDED WITH EGGS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A. R. Arbuckle and wife of Alma, Neb., says a special from Denver, Col., to the New York Sun, dated March 18, arrived here to-day after a brief but exciting aerial experience. Mr. Arbuckle's career in the town of Alma, Neb., from which he hails, has been anything but a happy one. He went there two years ago, and became proprietor and editor of the Alma Times. Two weeks ago Mrs. Arbuckle obtained a divorce on the ground of failure to support. Only a few days afterward the feckless husband married Nellie St. Clair, who was a clerk in his printing establishment.

At this stage the people of Alma declared war, and while the couple were on their way to be married at the justice's office treated them to a generous volley of eggs. It was an unequal contest, and, of course, the would-be man and wife got the worst of it. A few shots were exchanged, but no one was hurt. As soon as the eggs had been wiped off the clothing of the couple the marriage was duly solemnized, and the pair then lost no time in seeking a more congenial atmosphere.

### WOMEN SERENADERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Druggist Morey of Royer's Ford, near Reading, Pa., seems to be a great favorite of the ladies of that section, according to a recent special to the New York Sun. He was convicted a few days ago of soiling the show windows of a rival druggist named Dr. Alfred R. Saylor. An application was made for a new trial. The jury recommended Morey to the mercy of the Court. When he arrived home some sixty ladies of his immediate neighborhood turned out in a body, hired the Royer's Ford band, marched to his residence and serenaded him. Through Wm. J. Jaqueth they presented him with a handsome gold-headed cane as a token of their confidence and respect, after which the women sang a number of hymns and returned home. Dr. Saylor has a large number of friends who side with him, and it is probable he will also be serenaded by the ladies.

### HE GETS \$15,000.

How Thomas McCarthy, Coachman, Hit a Great Streak of Luck.

It is not always ill-luck that comes to one. This is a truth well proven by the fortune that has recently befallen a humble coachman of Boston. It is not the usual luck that is popularly said to befall coachmen—the marrying of a rich girl. This coachman has come into the possession of a snug little fortune, and that, too, without the intervention of death. This is the story:

Thomas McCarthy sits upon the box and draws the ribbons over the graves of a well-known Devonshire street banker. Mr. McCarthy believes in luck. No doubt he has a frieze of horsehoes all about his parlor wall. At all events he is a lucky man. Last December he invested \$1 of his honestly earned wages in the Louisiana State Lottery. In January he did the same thing again, and in February he invested \$2 more in the same channel. Then he readjusted his frieze of horsehoes, put up one or two more and awaited results. He had four tickets stowed away "in his inside pocket, don't you know." Two of these were numbered 32,740 and 25,215. Neither of these numbers were divisible by 13, so, of course, they could not be absolutely unlucky.

McCarthy has always been a careful reader of the newspapers, but for the past few weeks he has looked them through as thoroughly and faithfully as an old maid looks for a man under the bed. He developed a wonderful interest in the news of the day. Perseverance is always rewarded. In a paper of the 14th of February he saw the announcement that at the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, two days before, these two tickets had been successful. Lightning seldom strikes twice in the same place, they say, but in this case it certainly did. One of his tickets had drawn a prize of \$50 and the other a prize of \$15,000.

McCarthy's eyes bulged out of his head as he read. But he is not a man who loses his presence of mind readily. He put his affairs in the hands of his employer, and in a few days thereafter an express package came to him containing \$15,000.

Did he spend the money in riotous living? Oh, no. He gave it to his employer, who invested it for him in United States bonds. Henceforth until the public debt is paid he will draw \$65 per month as a return for his original investment of \$4. This is even better interest than the Equitable Trust Association promised to pay. He has not lost his head by his good fortune. He still retains his snug situation and still draws the reins over the banker's grays. By and by he may take a little trip home to the old country, he says, and see the old folks whom he left in the Green Isle eight or nine years ago.

Mr. McCarthy is a single man, thirty years of age, about 5 feet 8 inches in height, in robust health, of fair complexion and intelligent address. He is in good spirits, but not in the least upset by his good fortune. Every morning finds him in his employer's stable, at No. 2 Stanhope street, engaged in doing his duty, just as he was before fortune came to him. He is the son of a tenant farmer on the estate of the Earl of Carrick, Kilkenny County, Ireland. He was born upon the estate and went to school there, receiving a very fine common school education. He worked in the stables at the castle until he was twenty-one, when from a spirit of adventure he set out toward the setting sun to seek his fortune. How he found it has just been told.—Boston (Mass.) Record, March 19.

Elegant Cabinet Photographs of all the prominent wrestlers mailed to any address for 10 cents each from this office.



# SELF-DEFENSE.

## Some Points of Importance in Regard to the Manly Art.

### THE "POETRY OF MOTION."

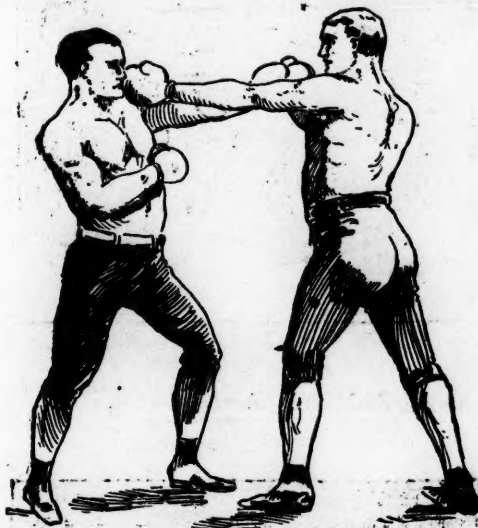
### What Scientific Fight- ing Consists of.

### JUDGMENT IN BOXING

[COPYRIGHTED—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]  
ATTITUDE.

The "poetry of motion" has formed an exhaustless theme for inspired genius, and if my humble endeavor should only suffice to show its practical utility I shall be satisfied. All preceding writers on pugilism have singularly enough omitted the first step in the art, the balance step, without proper observation and knowledge of which no one can hope for even moderate success in any essay with the flats.

Premising that, although the leg is furnished with a good strong bone to impart to it solidity, it is necessary to be also acquainted with the fact that its greater bulk is constituted of muscles and tendons, which impart to it the activity which Nature manifestly designed it to exercise. Therefore it is only right to enforce, as a fundamental rule, that the elasticity of the leg is really

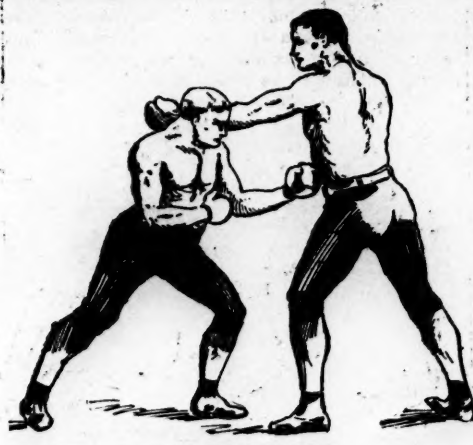


LEFT-HAND LEAD OFF AT HEAD AND GUARD.

its most important property in all that regards its movements. Nor is this all. The connection existing between the flexible muscles of the leg and the superiorly-placed organism is proved to be most intimate by the ordinary action of walking, where we find the reciprocal movements of arms and legs to constitute a most influential agency in producing celerity of movement. From this the novice has to learn that, having necessarily to avail himself of the utmost extent of his natural powers, he should use every endeavor to secure the acquisition of a perfect attitude, which may be defined as a habit of position in which the human body assumes and maintains its utmost ease and comfort. The least uneasiness, to say nothing of pain, indicates restraint.

An idea is often erroneously entertained that in boxing the entire weight should be thrown on the hindmost foot, and that it is sufficient to avail one's self of the elasticity of the one put forward. Such a notion would require but little correction were people more generally to avail themselves of ordinary opportunities of learning the "reason why." As it is, however, the practice, nonsensical as it is, is too serious not to require a clear and explicit condemnation.

Supposing a man in walking were to bring down his feet with all his weight on his heels, could that man walk otherwise than as a cripple? Would even his motion appear natural? Would he not appear as if his muscles were actively tying him down, instead of assisting his efforts to "make way ahead?" Then what difference is there between walking on one's heel and standing on one's heel, except that in the latter case



LEFT-HAND BODY BLOW.

the dead weight becomes even more irksome, and, if the attitude is assumed for any offensive or defensive purpose, dangerous? The weight of the body should be distributed equally over both legs. If the hindmost leg be standing flatly upon the ground, it requires the exertion of considerable force to bring the impetus of that side of the body into action. The whole matter is rendered clear at a glance by the philosophical explanation that the centre of gravity requires to be preserved in the exact centre of the base of the body, and that any attempt to alter its natural line of direction,

must throw the body into a deformed attitude, and one altogether useless for any pugilistic purpose. The eye and arm have hitherto received more than their fair share of credit as assistance to pugilistic prowess, and but little is regarded of the foot; yet let any reader just follow the few directions I shall now give in order to satisfy himself that that member is in reality the most important of all to the pugilist.

In the first place, bring both the feet together, with their soles flat on the ground; extend the left leg, at the same time throwing the weight of each leg lightly on the ball of the great toe; then draw back the left foot and extend the right in a backward direction simultaneously. Perform this as quickly as you will for



LEFT-HAND LEAD OFF AND DUCK.

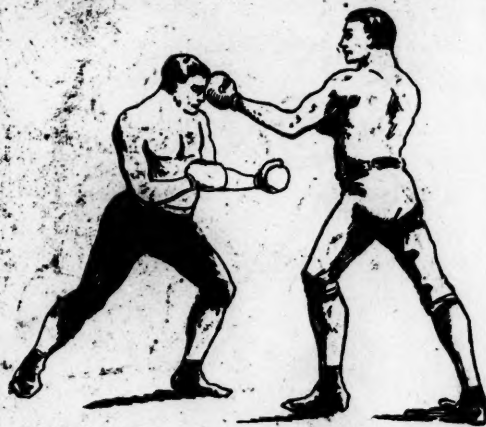
as great a distance as you like, and you will find that your movements will be as active as you can desire. At the same time, on striking out with the arms, the leverage power of the leg will be immediately experienced, whilst the head and body will be kept completely out of danger.

Now, repeating the first operation, merely throw the weight of the left leg on the ball of the great toe, and allow the complete sole of the right foot to repose flatly on the ground. In that position endeavor to retreat, and you will find yourself powerless, unless you lift the right foot completely off the ground, and by so doing expose your head to the mercy of your antagonist. If you attempt to strike, your arm is shortened and rendered ineffective. If you endeavor to guard, your action is constrained and useless.

The position of the arms and hands is of very great importance. Many professors drop their hands to nearly a level with their hips. If they expect any advantage from this course they are obviously mistaken. Such a course leaves the head and chest without defence; while, if the hands were held properly, they could manifestly be more easily dropped than lifted. What is commonly called "holding the hands well up" is a mistake of the other extreme, as it merely guards the head and leaves the body open; while at the same time it strains the muscles and produces a tired sensation. Again, the fists should never be clenched till a blow is actually being delivered. The proper height at which to hold the arms and hands is that at which you feel no incongruence from their leverage. This will be found when the ball of the thumb is nearly at a level with the shoulder with the arm outstretched, without the least strain, however, on the muscle.

#### STRIKING.

The notion cannot be too emphatically contradicted that fighting consists merely in hitting where and how



STOP FOR LEFT-HAND BODY BLOW.

you can, without reference to judgment, skill or precision. A good boxer should make his points with the celerity and certainty of a sharp-shooter, or one "accomplished" in the fence; and, unless he aims at perfection in this, he misses the leading object of pugilism; and one that distinguishes it from the savage encounters of brute beasts.

In striking, judgment is shown by delivering blows on the most vulnerable parts of the body, in making quick successive returns to sore spots, and in not wasting blows. Thus it would not be policy, after closing one of your antagonist's eyes, to keep popping at the same place; but it would be manifestly advantageous to repeat the operation with respect to the sound optic.

Precision is accomplished by a union of celerity and determination. Once resolved, the blow should follow. Nothing requires the agency of a mind capable of instant resolution more than pugilism. An opportunity once lost may never be regained.

The nature of the mark is of great consequence. Some pugilists shatter their hands by aiming exclusively at the temporal and parietal bones of their antagonists, whereas they were to direct their blows at the nose and soft portions of the face they would save themselves from injury, and administer much severer punishment. But it sometimes so happens that a blow aimed at the nose, or its proximate region, will be averted by the peculiarity which some men indulge in of ducking their heads. The blow aimed at the nose will thus fall on the forehead. This can only be prevented by attentive study of such peculiarity, and by striking low. If you cannot be sure of his nose, at all events make certain of his jaw.

#### DOUBLE BLOWS.

Next to delivering with judgment, expeditious hitting is of the utmost consequence; and "double hits," as

Admirers of the manly art of self-defense can secure a collection of Cabinet Photographs of all the leading pugilists for 10 cents each by addressing Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

they are called, are of the greatest importance. Although astonishingly simple in theory it is surprising that they have never been described, forming, as they do, exactly half the battle, which all must admit is the equivalent of two blows to one.

Poising the body lightly and gracefully upon the toes of each foot, prepare to deliver, and, having done so, recover with a bound; but without a pause allow the natural elasticity of your hindmost foot to propel you again forward, when you will again deliver, this time with increased severity, your whole weight being included in the blow. This is effected solely by the impetus given by the right leg, and the left foot should not touch the ground in the second delivery.

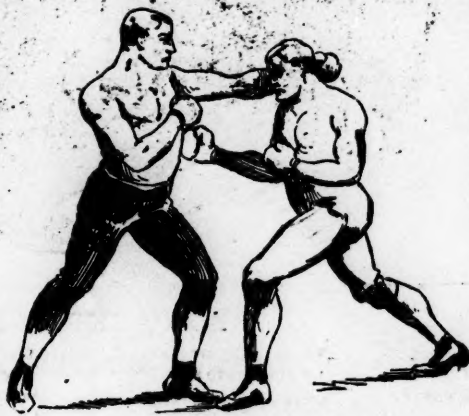
It is not intended to restrict the successive deliveries to two. The author of these pages has himself planted five blows successively; and, indeed, in a moment of advantage it is essential to follow up your success by such a mode of punishing.

#### DIRECTION OF BLOWS.

Why are most blows ineffective? Simply because they are without direction. Were the result of a pugilistic contest to be invariably decided by the mere elements of strength and determination the hardest hitter would always be the conqueror; yet we invariably see rough yokels worsted by the most delicate professors. The reason is simply this, that the yokel is extravagant with his strength; that he throws about wildly that which his more careful adversary knows the proper value, and uses accordingly. The "rough" makes what he supposes to be a correct aim at his antagonist's head, and very often the blow falls upon that of another. Now, the same fellow in throwing a stone would think it very ridiculous to go so wide from his mark. The fact is, the attention paid to stone throwing is too often deemed unnecessary in boxing. Without enlarging on this part of the subject, however, it must be laid down as a golden rule, that no blow can be effective in its delivery or consequences that is not given in a line with the great toe of the foot on whose side it is made. In planting a hit, always direct that toe toward the object you intend to strike; then let go, not before.

#### CROSS-COUNTER.

The cross-counter is a blow delivered across your antagonist's chest by a particular action of your body, consisting in suddenly elevating yourself on your toes and accumulating your full power, bringing your body round with a swing on the balls of both great toes, and



RIGHT-HAND BODY BLOW.

dash your fist into your adversary's jaw. This manoeuvre is best used by two-handed fighters, who can take their man by surprise, by darting in their right after leading off with their left, and vice versa.

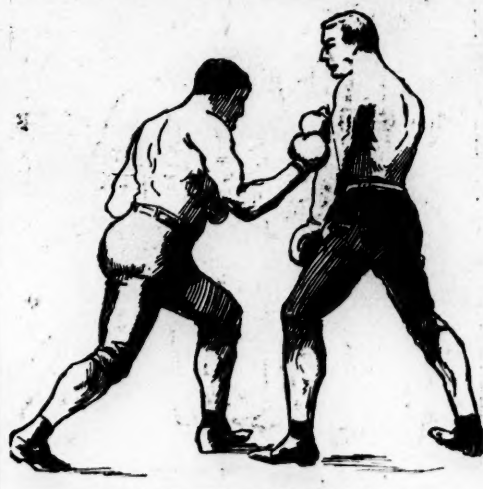
#### PARRYING.

It is often observed of pugilists that they suffer considerable punishment even in the act of parrying; but why they should do so is a perfect mystery. Surely they cannot entertain the idea that mere strength is required to parry? In foil fencing what should we say to the professor who could not avert a thrust without breaking his sword? Yet some boxers of note have actually been known to take credit from their mutilated arms—the very sign of their incapacity and want of judgment.

It has been customary for professors of the noble art to undertake its tuition upon the principle of numbering hits, stops and guards, after the manner of the cavalry sword exercise. That this must be a fallacy requires no other consideration than that of the structure of the human frame, which is itself the weapon employed in pugilistic combat. That the varied conformations of men could be brought into most effective action by one set of rules is an idea as ridiculous as it would be to project an universal coat or boot. Such rules are only applicable to elementary gymnastic exercises. The theory is unphilosophical, and its practice is impracticable.

#### DAMAGED HANDS.

One of the most common objects of regard with respect to pugilists is the state of their hands. We often see men, the condition of whose knuckles commonly leads to the inference that they have broken bones and



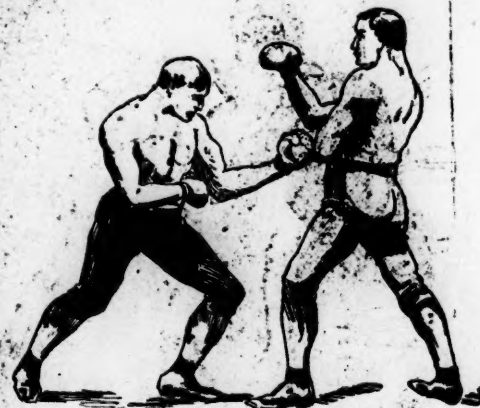
GUARD FOR RIGHT-HAND BODY BLOW.

leaders by hard hitting; but the fact is, and any reader may test the fact for himself, that this is simply the result of not clenching the fist properly. Almost invariably the only fingers that are brought into firm contact with the palm are the fourth and little digits. When a blow is struck with the fingers in this position the concussion is sure to inflict injury upon the leaders and knuckles, as it must fall unequally upon whatever it is projected against. By first securing the tips of the fore and middle fingers against the palm it will be found that the remaining digits will naturally do the

same, when no injury need be feared, as the fist is thus formed solidly, and its contact with another body is equally resisted.

#### THE RALLY.

This is effected by suddenly breaking down your antagonist's guard after an ineffective delivery for instance, and so commanding his face with both hands,



GUARD FOR LEFT-HAND BODY BLOW.

which, of course, should be used to the best advantage as rapidly as possible. The legs in this case should be brought squarely under the body, as all your weight is required to maintain your position. Your opponent will only be enabled to hit roundly at your head; and if you perform your part judiciously his blows will be of little effect. This course is most effective in cases where your head is grasped by your antagonist, as you may deliver your blows completely under his guard, and so not only punish but surprise him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### JOHN T. GRIFFIN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John T. Griffin, of Braintree, Mass., one of the most promising feather-weights in the country at the present time, was born at Braintree, Oct. 16, 1869. Height, 5 feet 5 inches. His first battle was with George Badger, of Quincy, Mass., on March 28, 1887. They fought with kid gloves, and the affair was stopped in the fifth round. Since then his ring record has been as follows: Sept. 28, 1887, knocked out Jack Curley, of Brockton, in 2 rounds, two-ounce gloves; Oct. 27, knocked out Alf Parton, of England, in 8 rounds, with two-ounce gloves; Feb. 17, 1888, stopped Charles Collins, of Cambridge, in 4 rounds, at Athenian Club, Boston; April 10, knocked out Frank Maguire, of Cambridge, in 11 rounds, at Brockton Athletic Club; April 13, defeated Eugene Hornbacher, of New York, in 7 rounds, at Athenian Club, Boston; May 10, defeated Johnny Aaron, in 6 rounds, at Athenian Club; June 28, defeated Jack Kenney, of New York, in 5 rounds, at New Era Hall, Boston; Oct. 30, fought a seven-round draw with Frank Steele, of Boston, although he had the best of it by far, at the Athenian Club; Dec. 14, defeated George Badger, in 5 rounds, at Pelican Club, Boston; Dec. 23, knocked out Tommy Danforth, in 4 rounds, at Athenian Club. His last battle was an eighteen-round one with Frank Murphy, Great Britain's champion. The decision was given to Murphy, although nine-tenths of the spectators thought it a good draw. It will be seen by this that Griffin has a record of eight winning fights in less than a year. Griffin is also a professional baseball catcher, an excellent club swinger and an expert oarsman.

#### "I'VE JUST KILLED MY GIRL."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Blanche Gray, an inmate of a disorderly house at Baltimore, Md., was horribly cut in the throat by William Shannon, whose mother kept the house in which the woman formerly lived. Shannon had been living with her in his mother's house. Saturday night they met there and left together. Shortly afterwards Shannon entered a saloon near his mother's house, and taking a knife out of his pocket, threw it across to the barkeeper, saying:

"Take that to remember me. The next time you see me, I'll be on trial for my neck. I've just killed my girl. I cut her neck from ear to ear." He said he had overheard her tell another man that she loved him better than she did Shannon. The knife was bloody and so were Shannon's hands. He was arrested and the woman was afterwards found on the floor of her room. She said Shannon had cut her. The wounds may prove fatal.

#### MABEL HUDSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We present on another page of this issue the handsome features of Miss Mabel Hudson, an opera singer of more than ordinary promise. Miss Hudson has a voice of wonderful sweetness and power, which she has brought under perfect control by a long course of training under the tutelage of the best masters in Europe and this country. She recently returned from London and Paris, where she has been studying to perfect herself in opera. Being ambitious to excel in her chosen profession, and being a young lady of marked talent and most charming and prepossessing manners, we bespeak for her a bright and prosperous future.

#### FRANK HERALD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Frank Herald, the well-known heavy-weight pugilist, who has again entered the flat arena. Herald has figured in numerous contests with Mike C. Conley, John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain, Joe Lannon, and we understand he is ready to meet any one of them again.

#### CALLIE CURTIS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We publish in this issue a portrait of Callie Curtis, the well-known skater, who has gained considerable fame in all parts of Europe and this country both on roller and ice skates. He is now living in Hamburg, Germany.

#### A. BROWN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of A. Brown, the famous athlete of the Pastime Athletic Club of New York. Brown has figured successfully in the amateur arena, and the Pastime Club is proud of him.

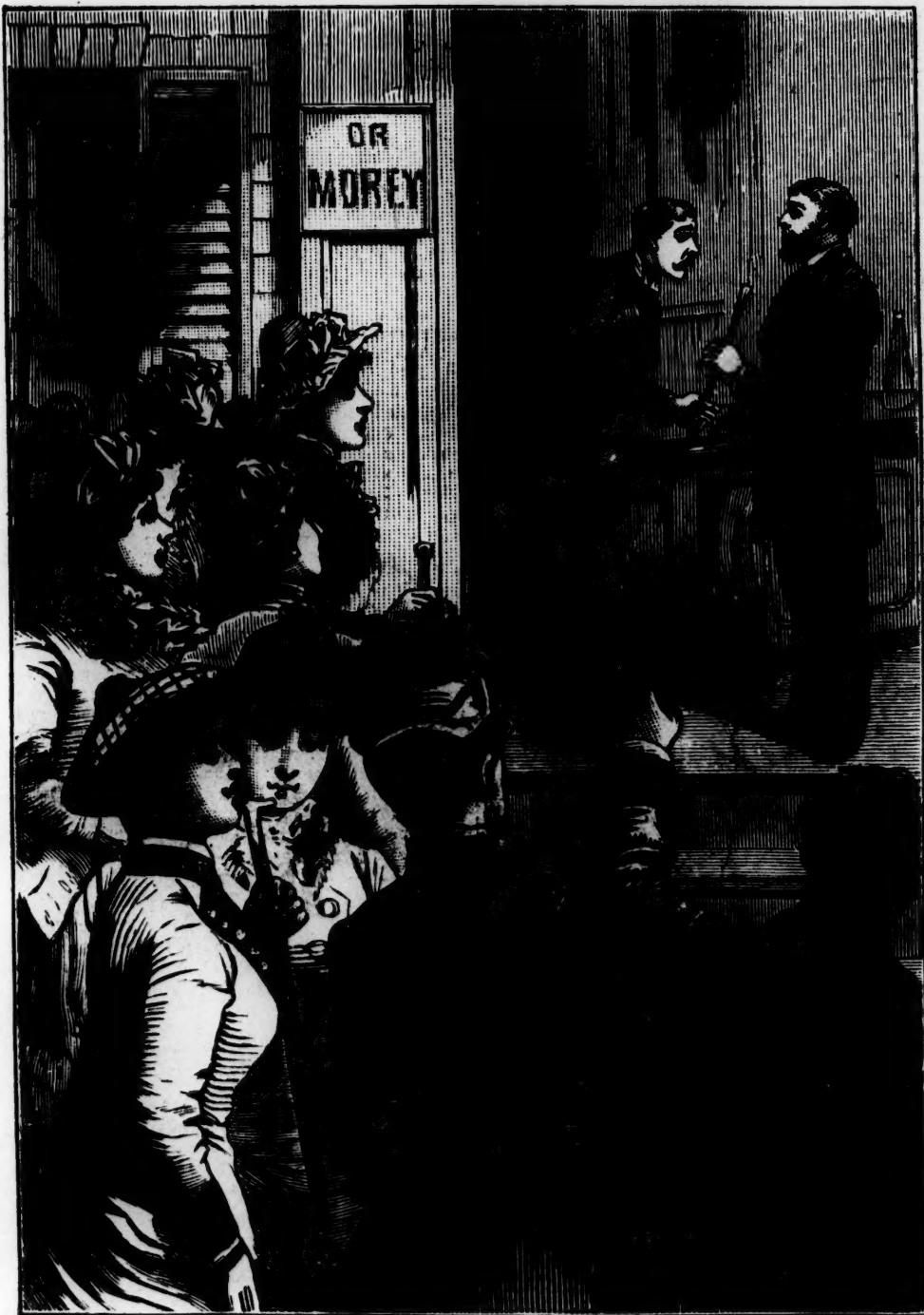
Elegant Cabinet Photographs of all the celebrated actresses of the American and European stage. Only 10 cents each. Send orders to this office.





#### ATTACKED BY A FIEND.

THE TERRIBLE BATTLE WHICH MRS. JULIANA MUTTER MADE NEAR NEWARK, N. J. FOR HER HONOR AND LIFE, AND ITS PROBABLE FATAL CONSEQUENCES.



#### WOMEN SERENADERS.

THE HONOR ACCORDED DRUGGIST MOREY WHO WAS CONVICTED OF SOILING A RIVAL DRUGGIST'S SHOW WINDOWS NEAR READING, PA.



#### DRAGGED FROM THE CARRIAGE.

SENSATIONAL EXPERIENCE OF FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD CORA PALMER, A PRETTY YOUNG LADY OF STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

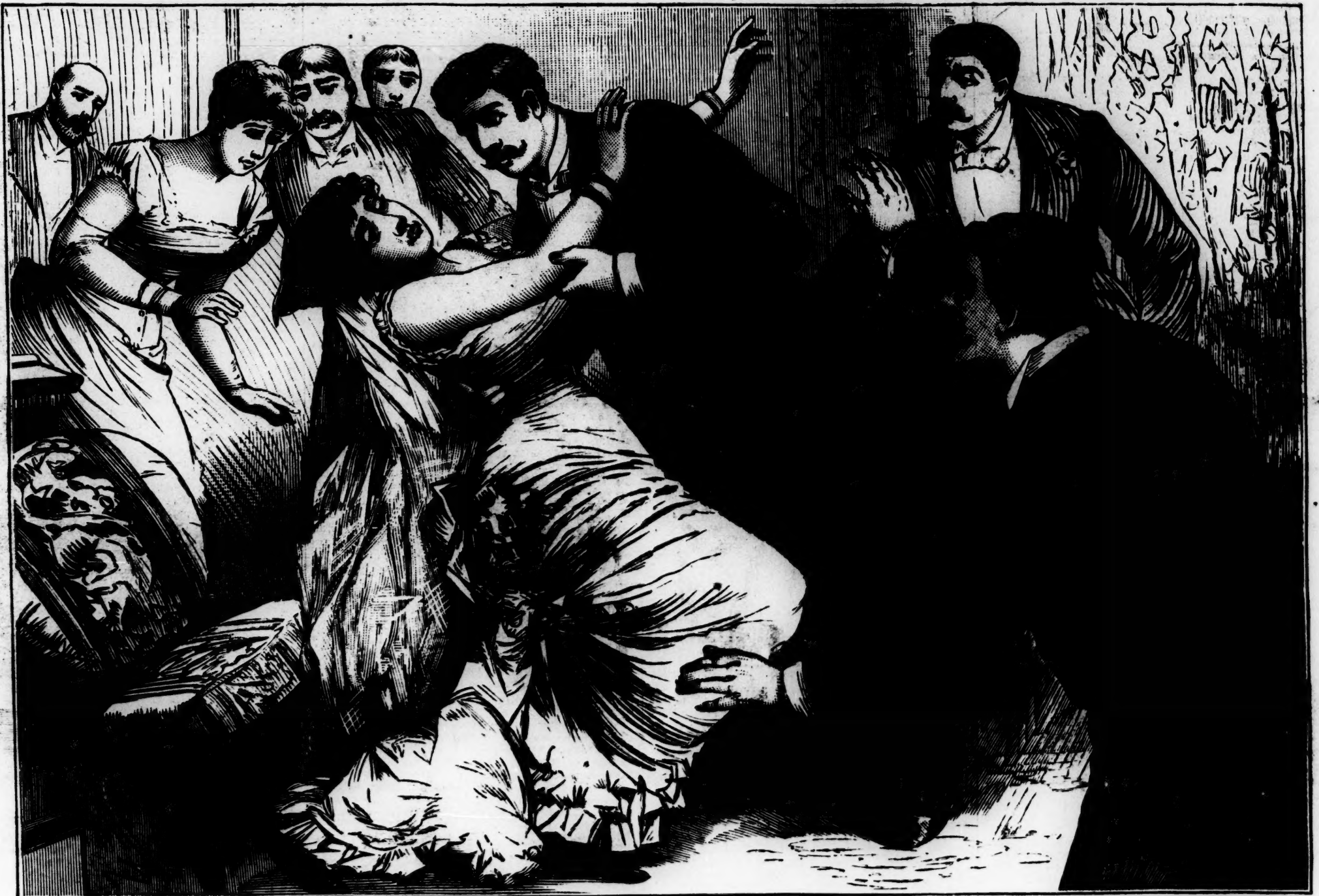




THEY WERE JEALOUS OVER A MASHER.  
THE ALLEGED FRACAS BETWEEN TWO SOCIETY WOMEN WHICH A PROMINENT POLITICIAN OF BUFFALO, N. Y., IS SAID TO HAVE CAUSED.



HARVARD BOYS AS COCK FIGHTERS.  
FOUR SPORTIVE STUDENTS FIX UP A PIT IN A DWELLING IN NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS., BUT THE POLICE INTERFERE.



HER SICKNESS DIDN'T STOP THE WEDDING.  
WILLIAM D. GRIFFIN IS UNITED IN MARRIAGE TO MISS FANNIE M. ROBINSON AT WILKESBARRE, PA., THOUGH THE BRIDE FAINTS DURING THE CEREMONY.



# BASEBALL.

Who Says Weaver, of the Louisvilles,  
Has a Soft Snap?

VON DER AHE AND HIS MEN.

Tim Keefe has finished with his arduous duties of instructing the Amherst nags. He is satisfied now that they are highly educated in the art of playing our national game. Some few of his aspiring pupils have a giddy, girlish movement, but that is a college affection, and Tim is in hope that it will wear off as the youths grow older.

Harry Spence is going to save money and play second base himself. He will see the day he will wish he had not been quite so fresh about looking after the interests of the directors, but had paid a little more attention to Spence and his managerial duties and let some one else play second base.

The New Yorks will not get left this spring, as they have been spending all their idle time this winter picking out plums, and they will play the opening game in a dozen or more first-class ball towns during the month of April.

The St. Louis Rowing Club has named a boat after Chris Von der Ahe. This is a gentle way they have of pulling Chris' leg for all it is worth.

Big men must be cheap, as the Wheeling club claim to have secured the cheapest team in the baseball arena, and add by way of advertisement, that they have nine men the size of Anson.

The Easton Free Press, in speaking of the minor league players, says they all had steady employment last winter. Some had records as bootblacks and cuspidor cleaners. Evidently the Free Press man does not pull an even stroke with the ball players.

The best proof in the world that Len Stockwell is a "quitter" is the fact of his wife having secured a divorce from him in a Savannah court for desertion. It takes game men to be good "stayers."

Washington wants that pennant in the worst way, and money is no object with them in their efforts to secure the best on earth. Independent of offering \$12,000 for the release of Ward, an additional \$6,000 has been offered for Denny, which makes \$18,000 in hard money simply to have the New York and Indianapolis clubs relinquish their claims on the services of these men. The salaries of these men will at least be \$7,000 more, which aggregates about \$35,000 for only two players of the team. At this reckless rate, how on earth does Mr. Walter Howitt ever expect to get his money back? You would never have caught his father going it so blindly, but then all the father was fit for was to make money, while the son is an accomplished spender.

The good people of Findlay, Ohio, would like to have had a representative club in the Tri-State league, but their fine intentions were not backed up by the mighty dollar, so they had to lay down their hands.

Campana made a short stay with the Omahas this season, as he has been released already.

The Washington club is doing business on business principles and are living up to the letter of the law in regard to paying their players according to the official classification, but somehow they have not been able to convince all their players that it is the proper caper.

The Detroit club has weakened to a certain extent and is trying to make a compromise by offering to give Rowe and White a portion of their release money.

Manager Brackett is far from being a slub, and the team he has scooped up for Quincy will make them all hustle in the Central Interstate League.

The Metropolitans are starting out this spring with the best intentions in the world, but it is the general impression that they will have a monkey-and-parrot time long before the close of the season. If they pull through amicably they will be the first co-operative professional team that has ever accomplished the feat. There is a vast difference between squabbling for your divvy and stepping up to the box office and drawing your salary on pay day. When the boys are dividing the stuff they are able to pay more attention to counting noses than they are to their ball playing. It is not what it is cracked up to be.

The St. Louis Browns made a hard fight for a slice of the prize money, and finally succeeded in carrying their point and making the old Baron weaken.

The Englishmen, after seeing the Spalding tourists play ball, are of the opinion that our American game is not so bloody blooming bad after all.

The once great and only Fred Shaw, better known as "Wishard" and "Duppe," who was at one time looked upon as one of the king-pin pitchers of the League, will pitch this year for a minor league club. How the mighty have fallen!

This is unkind. The Hartford Record says New Haven has signed a half dozen of batteries, and if they keep on signing batteries they will at least never want for an audience.

There is some little kick in Jersey City this spring. The club is backed by John B. Day, president of the New York club. He is now in Florida, and as there is no money in the treasury in Jersey City, the boys are in the soup for their usual advances, and are beefing around in great shape.

Dave Orr has a chest measurement of forty-five and a half inches. From general appearance it looks as though he had too much chest for the Brooklyn club.

Kilroy has done his duty, and is a happy father now. Baltimore may now with good reason expect good work from Matt, his weak period being over. — *Sporting Life*. We don't quite catch on. Will Editor Richter please explain the paragraph a little more fully, as we are a trifle muddled over the connection between having done his duty and his weak period.

There is a race between Toronto and Detroit for popularity in the International League. The former is working the long-distanced throwing contest and the latter is working up the sprinters. It is six one way and half a dozen the other, as the one side will have to catch the other before they can throw them.

We are glad to hear that the Cincinnati are out for the pennant this year, as it has been a bitter disappointment to us to see them wasting their time, season after season, and getting left.

They say that Anson has let his whiskers grow, and when the wind blows through them it sounds like a callope and keeps every person on board the ship awake.

There is some talk of the Chicago club taking Billy Holbert, and if they do the chances are they will find that he has better staying powers than all of their other catchers put together.

When it becomes necessary for a ball player to come out in print and contradict the statement that he is colored, he must be pretty badly sunburnt.

There is nothing at all the matter with Tiernan's head. It is not swelled, and it never was. The only thing that is the matter at present is that he wants an increase of pay to the extent of five hundred dollars. A little thing like that should not bother the New York club officials. They should feel gratified that it was not an increase of five thousand that he asked for.

The Toledo club is going to try a new scheme this year in baseball. They have secured an elephant for first base, and it is thought, with careful handling, they can make a ball player out of him.

Von der Ahe is not having any trouble with his men. They will all play with him. The only difficulty is that the frost got into his clothes, and the players are waiting until the warm weather comes and thaws the clothing sufficiently for him to get his hand down a little further in his pocket.

Keefe and Ewing will both play with the New Yorks this season, but not at the same figure they did last year. This is a little point the directors of the club don't seem to understand, but they will doubtless get it through their craniums before they commence the League championship season, as neither of them will take part even in a practice game until the raise is forthcoming.

The man who said Weaver, of the Louisvilles, had a soft snap did not appreciate, but he has simply been misinformed, as his contract distinctly stipulates that he is not to catch unless all the other catchers are crippled. Now the suspense he is under for fear they all get knocked out is more trying on his nerves than anybody can imagine, and Mr. Weaver is liable to become as gray as a badger wool, trying, before the season is over, for fear he will be compelled to go behind the bat and face the music.

Von der Ahe is not saying much, but he intends to get there just the same. Instead of fretting over his crack players holding out for more money, he is quietly signing some first-class minor league players, and if the "stars" don't keep a sharp lookout they will get their lights put out.

If the Brotherhood amounts to a row of pins it will have to show itself on the grading of salary question, or for ever afterward hold its peace.

The American ball players now abroad will have their nuts swelled so badly from the style in which they are being banqueted that it will be extremely doubtful if this country will be large enough to hold them when they get back.

The Pittsburgh club anticipates making them all hustle during the coming season, but that is just what all the rest expect to do.

The sacrifice hitting is about the most abominable thing that has ever been introduced into baseball. Had the baseball magnates been really practical men they would never have adopted such an idiotic rule. The fools, however, it is very plainly to be seen, are not all dead.

All the clubs are getting stuck on themselves and are going wild over the Natty uniforms.

Pete Browning can do a great many degrading things, but he will never stoop so low as to accept \$1,800 for the coming season when his price last year was \$2,000.

Fitcher Elton Chamberlain indignantly denies the report that the Chamberlain signed by the Wheeling club is his brother. So if the other fellow gets the rat knocked out of him it will be no discredit to Elton or the good name of his family. Elton's brother, though in the business, is only a little kid, and only plays with the kid clubs at Buffalo.

It's hard lines when a fellow pays seventy-five cents to have his nose broken with a foul and fight ten years for \$5,000 damages and gets nothing but the razzle-dazzle.

Chris Von der Ahe has gone into politics on account of his boom friend Judge Noyman. He presided at a big meeting the other night and made quite a hit.

Boyd's is doing the high kicking act over the League classification of their players. The harder the shoe pinches the louder they squeal.

Manager Mutrie says that, despite the collapse of slush that have been written about the Ward deal, the Boston club has never yet made a direct offer for the great player. — *Sporting Life*. Oh! sweet mama.

Woolster doesn't propose to be trodden upon by Detroit, and it is their intention to make things pretty lively in regard to the Wheelock case.

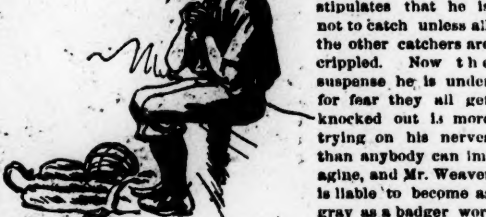
No one would have ever known that such a person lived as Fitcher James Flanagan, had it not been announced in an out-of-town paper that he was wintering in New York and was open for an engagement.

Borchers was perfectly willing to skip East with his \$100 of advance money, but it was not altogether agreeable to the California people, so he kindly consented to remain when the sheriff informed him the Stockton people were "stuck" on his many form, and would feel very much disappointed if he left in that unceremonious way, without stopping long enough to say goodbye. It was not etiquette, you know, and a ball player should never forget his manners.

Little Dave Force, though still very young, it is thought is old enough to apply for a position as umpire in a minor league.

Jack Farrell, the well-known feather-weight, had a rousing benefit at Pappas Hall, in this city, on March 20. Among the lesser lights of the fancy who appeared were "Smoke" Hennessy and Tom White, Bill Dunn and Billy Leedom, Frank Boyd and Dave O'Leary, J. Kearns and Con Driscoll, Jack Lyddy and Harry McVey, Joe Farrell, of Bayonne, and Billy Graham, Charley Judge and Joe Fowler, Pete McCabe and Joe Day, Jack Kelleher and Pete Burns and Lyons and Lynch, the midgets. Jack and Tom Sweeney wrestled, and the wind-up was between Johnny Farrell and Mike Cushing, the 125-pound champion.

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John L. Sullivan arrived in New York on March 22 from Boston. He was minus his mustache, and appeared to have entirely recovered from the effects of his jamboree. He said he was going on a sparring tour, and that either Joe Launon or Jack Ashton would accompany him.

At Jersey City, on March 18, Jack Howe and Billy Foley fought with gloves for a purse. Foley is 18 years old, and weighed 105 pounds. His second was Joe Brown, McGovern, Larkin's trainer, was timekeeper, and Tom Maxwell referee. Foley won in seven rounds fought in twenty-eight minutes.

Ned Holake, now a Wall street broker, has matched an unknown to fight Cal McCarthy for the bazaar championship and \$300 a side. The men will fight with gloves to a finish at 115 pounds, weighing in three hours before entering the ring. The number of spectators on each side is limited to 21 people, and the fight will take place April 12, near this city. Holake must declare his unknown March 25.

The following was received at the "Police Gazette" office from the California Club March 23.

RICHARD K. FOX, Esq.—We will offer a purse of \$2,000 for a contest between young Mitchell and Johnny Reagan, to take place at the club in October. If this will suit Reagan answer.

L. R. FULDA,  
President of the California Athletic Club.

The correspondent of the "Police Gazette" has telegraphed that two well known sporting men of San Francisco state they will back Jimmy Carroll, who recently defeated Sam Blake, the English champion, against Jack McAuliffe, Billy Myers or Mike Daly. McAuliffe preferred, for \$1,000 a side and upwards, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the light-weight championship of the world; the battle to be with small gloves and decided on the Pacific Coast.

Dick Moore, of Minneapolis, and Tom Murray, of St. Paul, heavy-weights, fought fifteen rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, at Shingle Creek, Minn., on March 10. The fight was a desperate one and ended in a draw. Both men were knocked down in the fifteenth round, and when time was called for the next looked as though they had been run through a threshing machine. They were both whipped, so the referee decided the mill a draw.

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At Longwood, Ill., on March 5, there was a slashing mill between Paty Mallen, of Minneapolis, and Jim Duffy, of Chicago, the former stripping at 185 pounds and the latter at 170 pounds. Mallen was knocked out in the 6th round, a heavy blow taking him under the left ear.

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# FROM ABROAD.

Jake Kilrain's Arrival at Liverpool,  
England.

GENERAL SPORTING NOTES.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

LIVERPOOL, March 22, 1899.

Jake Kilrain, the champion of the world, arrived on the Adriatic to-day. A tremendous crowd assembled on the docks ready to welcome his return. Among the crowd were Tony Moore, Charley Mitchell, Charley Rowell, Tom Andrews, Arthur Magnus and other sporting celebrities.

The champion, with Tom Andrews, Mitchell, and others, secured carriages and drove to Andrew's Hotel, where they lunched. Crowds followed the cab and four wheeled carriages contained the distinguished sporting men.

Kilrain received telegrams of welcome from all parts of England. He was enjoying the best of health, and it was the general impression that he was in better physical condition than when he sailed from this place on the Eurus last summer.

GEORGE W. ARKSON.

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John L. Sullivan arrived in New York on March 22 from Boston. He was minus his mustache, and appeared to have entirely recovered from the effects of his jamboree. He said he was going on a sparring tour, and that either Joe Launon or Jack Ashton would accompany him.

At Jersey City, on March 18, Jack Howe and Billy Foley fought with gloves for a purse. Foley is 18 years old, and weighed 105 pounds. His second was Joe Brown, McGovern, Larkin's trainer, was timekeeper, and Tom Maxwell referee. Foley won in seven rounds fought in twenty-eight minutes.

Ned Holake, now a Wall street broker, has matched an unknown to fight Cal McCarthy for the bazaar championship and \$300 a side. The men will fight with gloves to a finish at 115 pounds, weighing in three hours before entering the ring. The number of spectators on each side is limited to 21 people, and the fight will take place April 12, near this city. Holake must declare his unknown March 25.

The following was received at the "Police Gazette" office from the California Club March 23.

RICHARD K. FOX, Esq.—We will offer a purse of \$2,000 for a contest between young Mitchell and Johnny Reagan, to take place at the club in October. If this will suit Reagan answer.

L. R. FULDA,  
President of the California Athletic Club.

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The following challenge was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office from Sam Matthews, through his backer, E. W. Moon:

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, Feb. 19, 1899.

RICHARD K. FOX—I am open to wrestle any man in my weight (145 pounds) in the world, either Greco-Roman style or catch-as-catch-can, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, or any man living, my weight, in a wrestling match on horseback for the same amount. I will give or take expenses in the event of the match taking place in either America or here. I have been in Victoria and met every man of note in the wrestling world, and have never been defeated. I am trying to arrange a match with Prof. Wm. Miller, of Donald Dinnia, after which I purpose to leave for New York by way of England. Hoping an early reply from Duncan C. Ross or one of the many other wrestlers, I remain,

RANSOM, MATHURNA.

The match arranged in New York recently between Mike Daly of Bangor, who is backed by Dr. Ordway and Captain Cook, of Boston, and Jack McAuliffe, backed by Dick Roche, will not stand, as Daly's backers here refuse to abide by the articles of agreement which stipulated that the battle should be decided Aug. 6 within 100 miles of New York, also that the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE should be final stakeholder, and Al Smith referee, if he would get it, not one should be appointed at the ring side. Daly's backers want the referee agreed upon at once, and will make it that official holding the stakes.

Dick Roche, the backer of Jack McAuliffe, says that if Mike Daly's backers are willing, that Billy Connor will wait him for a referee, and as far as stakeholder is concerned that Billy Connor can act in that capacity also. McAuliffe is ready to go on with the match according to the conditions previously arranged, and that as Al Smith refuses to be the referee, that he will agree to that. McAuliffe is ready to meet any man in the world for \$2,500 to \$10,000, and Roche is willing to put up the money and "Richard K. Fox is good enough to hold the stakes."

On March 24, Jack Flynn and Tom Miles, two gray-haired men, each 45 years old, who had been matched to fight for the 55-year-old championship of the world again a purse of \$200, London rules, met at Myers Grove near this city. The battle was a desperate one. In the eleventh and thirteenth rounds Flynn knocked Miles through the ropes. Both of Miles' eyes were now closing fast, and his face resembled a pile of hamburger steak or a dish of rare hash. His friends wanted him to stop, but he was game if he was old. Flynn was merciless. He went in in the twelfth round and hit him in the stomach. Miles doubled up, and while he was doing so Flynn brought in a right up cut and his opponent lay down. Thirty, forty, fifty seconds passed, and Miles didn't get up. The timekeeper agreed to give him a minute more, still he didn't get up, and then he was picked up and carried to his corner as limp as a rag. That ended the fight. It had taken exactly thirty minutes, and the severity of the fighting can be judged by the condition of the men. Flynn was not badly marked, but he showed considerable punishment. Miles was in a very bad condition, and his friends could not easily reclaim him.

At a sporting house on Long Island, on March 19, Jack Kenny, the Harlem Spider, and Austin Gibbons fought with gloves according to Queensberry rules for a purse of \$200. Kenny stood 6 feet 4 1/2 inches high and weighed 132 pounds. He is 22 years old, and has fought some of the best men of his class in this vicinity. His most recent achievement was beating Walter Halligan before the New York Athletic Club. Gibbons is 6 feet 7 inches tall, but though he is only 18 years of age, he weighed 137 pounds. He, too, has fought a number of clever battles. Kenny was seconded by Tommy Danforth and Billy Davis. His umpire and timekeeper was Tommy Smith. Gibbons had for his squire Charley Norton and James Dawson. His timekeeper was W. E. Harding. Ed Plummer was referee. Ten rounds were fought, both men being, the majority of the time, on the defensive. In the tenth round Gibbons forced Kenny to the floor, and it was evident the latter could not win. On went the struggle, and Kenny becoming rattled, struck Gibbons while his hands were down, and the referee said: "I give this fight to Gibbons, and disqualify Kenny for committing a deliberate foul." Gibbons crossed over and shook hands with Kenny, who appeared chagrined at not being able to win.

A large crowd of sporting men were attracted to the POLICE GAZETTE office March 22, with the expectation of witnessing Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, and Johnny Reagan sign articles for a flat encounter with gloves for \$2,000 and the middle-weight championship of America. Reagan had recently challenged Dempsey to battle at 164 pounds, the middle-weight limit, and posted \$250 to prove he was ready to arrange a match. It had been announced that March 22 should be the



# REFEREE.

## A Question Concerning the Training of Light and Heavy Weights.

### OVERRATING BRITISH PUGILISTS.

I heard a discussion a few nights ago in relation to the training of pugilists. One of the disputants claimed that a heavy-weight did not have to do as much work as a light or middle-weight, and based his opinion on the fact that the heavy-weight were not compelled to fight at any stipulated weight, and, therefore, did not have to go through the same training routine as pugilists obliged to contend at a certain weight.

The opposite party argued that heavy-weights had to do more work and train longer than either the light or middle-weight pugilists. I was asked for an opinion on the subject, but I must admit it was a puzzle, and, consequently, I refused to grant the request.

Since then I have made extensive inquiries in regard to the matter, and I find that the light and the middle-weight division of the *Corps Pugilistic* have to go through a more severe course of training when they are matched to contend at a stipulated weight than heavy-weights.

This is necessary, because the former have generally to pull off more flesh when they are to weigh before entering the ring, while a heavy-weight does not have to reduce his weight to any special limit. The only object to be attained by a heavy-weight training is to increase his strength and improve his breathing apparatus.

Many suppose Sullivan could not be in condition by July 8, because he has been "doing the grand" and indulging heavily in alcoholic mixtures. "This is a mistake," said a trainer who was questioned on the subject. "I could take Sullivan on the first of June, put him through the usual process for 34 hours, and by July 8 have him in the best of condition; that is, if he would be controlled, and of course I should have to be the master if I undertook the task."

From what I know about Sullivan, he was never in condition except when he met John Flood, when he was trained to perfection. At the time he met Paddy Ryan, he was short of work, to use a racing phrase, and lived easily; and from what I read of his battle with Charley Mitchell, he was in no condition on that occasion, and it was a wonder he stood in the ring two hours, let alone the long time he did.

A pugilist who lives abstemiously and regularly does not require one-half the preparation that a man does who debauches and abuses himself.

Kilrain should be able to enter a ring and be fit to battle for hours with five weeks' training, simply because he lives quietly and, regularly, takes simple rest and does not abuse himself.

Many a pedestrian, running horse and pugilist have been beaten simply because they were not properly trained, or because they were indifferent or indolent during their preparation for a contest, and refused to follow the schedule laid down for them by their trainers.

Judging from the information I have received from the Pacific Slope, there is little prospect of William O'Connor, the American champion carman and holder of the "Police Gazette" challenge cup, at present going to New South Wales to meet H. Searle, of Clarence river, in a single-scull race for the championship of the world. Why O'Connor has, to use a slang phrase, "shitted the cut," and given up the journey, is only known to himself.

It is to be regretted that there is no way of bringing such adepts at the ear together, for the race would interest thousands in all parts of the world, since Searle is said to be a wonder and to be looked upon as invincible, while the American champion is not only just as fast and finished an expert with "the spoons" as Hanlan was in his best days, but the superior in strength and endurance of the aquatic phenomenon of 1877.

I do not mean to say that O'Connor is a more scientific carman than Hanlan, for there never sat a man in a shell from the time Tom White first won the single scull championship in England up to the present, or from 1825, when Joshua Ward won the single-scull championship of America, who possessed the style, finish and speed that Hanlan in his day could boast of.

O'Connor has wonderful speed, he rows scientifically and he is possessed of marvelous strength and staying powers. He should be able to defeat any man in the world rowing a shell on any course in Canada or the United States. I will not say Australia or New South Wales, because I have an idea that any American or English carman who goes there to row may consider himself beaten before he starts, for he has not only the climate to contend with, but the winding, treacherous Paramatta river, with its eddies and currents, which would take an carman years to become accustomed to.

In a race between Searle, the champion of the world (allowing him to be the champion of both hemispheres), and O'Connor, rowed on the Paramatta river, I should pump Searle as the winner. If the trial of speed, science, stamina and endurance was to be rowed on any course in the United States, Canada or England, then I should pump O'Connor to defeat Searle and win the championship of the world.

It is strange that none of the Australian or the representative champions of New South Wales have the courage to visit the United States. If an American carman had never gone to New South Wales, the championship of the world would still have been held in this country.

I made a flying visit to Clifton on St. Patrick's Day to witness the racing. I was surprised at the heavy betting and the tremendous amount of money wagered on the flyers. The racing was very sensational.

George Taylor, the well-known jockey, while riding Prospect in the first race had a bad fall, but was not seriously injured, and Taggart, on the card for the third race, ran away and was withdrawn.

The Farnell Handicap, the last race of the day, was won by Firefly, owned and trained by J. B. McCormick, an Irishman, while Sinnott, an Irish lad, had the mount.

Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, has decided to leave no stone unturned this time, and says he would enter the arena and meet Frank Murphy if he only had one hand. I see the Spider has located at the "Police Gazette" saloon, kept by James F. Moore, New Bedford, and he is training regularly. If Murphy and Weir go through a thorough preparation, I think that the battle will be a long and desperate one. I judge by Murphy's long contest with Jack Havlin, and the latter's four-hour encounter with the Spider.

It appears a waste of time to draft rules on any branch of field sports, for they are constantly being revised and changed. The latest changes in the inter-collegiate football rules. The following is a copy I have received through the courtesy of a well-known under graduate of Harvard:

Rule 4 provides that a touchdown can be made by carrying or kicking the ball "in goal" or "touch in goal."

Elegant Cabinet Photographs of all the celebrated actresses of the American and European stage. Only 10 cents each. Send orders to this office.

The referee and umpire are to be provided with whistles in order to stop play when a foul has been made or for any other reason to be determined, according to the rules, by the umpire or referee.

Rule 16 has been so amended that a man may have a try at a goal if he makes a touchdown simultaneously with the termination of "time."

Rule 16—Time will be taken out from the moment a touchdown is made until the ball is put in play again in the centre of the field. In case the goal is missed then time is resumed immediately after the failure.

New rule—Time cannot be called while the ball is in play. The man who holds the ball during the "try for goal" may be off side.

Rule 17—A player will be disqualified for hacking, striking with closed fist or unnecessary roughness.

For intentional tackling below the knees, butting, tripping and throttling the other side gets 25 yards, or free kick. If 25 yards would carry the ball over the line then half the distance from the place where the "off play" occurred to the goal line will be granted.

Recently, I see, the National Cross Country Association called a meeting in this city to change their rules and to approve of the president's action in extending the time from Feb. 27 to March 11 for entries to the championship games. Ten out of the sixteen clubs of the association were represented. The meeting was principally to change the rules of the championship meeting which stated that all entries must be sent in one month before the meeting on April 27. The President changed the rules to two months, and his action was approved.

I learn through a correspondent that Harry Maynard, the well-known sporting manager, is making a host of friends at San Antonio, Tex., where he is located.

I never had any faith in English pugilists, as a class, but, strange to say, on coming to this country they are boomed up by the English sporting writers as wonders. When one of these much-lauded pugilists enters the arena, however, he turns out either a rank coward or is easily conquered, and the English scribes, who can only see the static qualities of their countrymen and not those of the native-born or Irish-American pugilist, have nothing to say but try to find some frivolous excuse for the defeat of their British champion.

At the time Dick Collier, Alf. Greenfield's Big "un," as he was styled, arrived here, he was classed a wonder, and many of the backers of the heavy-weights were timid about matching their proteges against him, simply because the English scribes of Boston and New York had rated him away up. Finally Collier was matched against Jack Ashton, and the result was the would-be English champion was put to sleep in short order.

Harry Bartlett was another specimen of English fighters who, by being puffed up by his journalistic countrymen, found backing for \$500 and quit without even giving his backer, to use a turf phrase, a run for his money when he faced a "native to the manner born."

The last English pugilist who has fallen off the pugilistic ladder is Sam Blacklock, the 180-pound champion of England. He was quoted, but not by American sporting journalists, as a wonder. "Oh, he is the greatest man at his weight that ever stood in the ring," is a specimen of the remarks made by his countrymen at the time, and on the strength of these reports and the published prophecies, Blacklock was matched to meet Jimmy Carroll, the Irish-American pugilist. After the match was arranged sporting men in all parts of the country backed Blacklock at the rate of \$100 to \$200 to defeat Carroll.

It was the same old story. Blacklock had a newspaper reputation, but the Irish-American smothered the Englishman and whipped him easily.

I do not mean to say that every English pugilist who has invaded America during the past twenty years has tramped cowards, for this is not the case, but the majority of them who have come here in late years are, and they do not, to use an English term, "clumsy" with either American or Irish-American pugilists.

Billy Edwards was the best of the early class of light-weight pugilists that came to this country. He required no puffing, for he was a slasher at his weight, and no better could be found. Arthur Chambers was another pugilist who brought a first-class certificate, while the heavy weights, Jim Mace, Joe Goss and Tom Allen, were all premiers in their day, but these come to the fore in the pugilistic armament, would not make up for the other stars like Bill England, Tug Wilson, Florry Barnett, Jack Davis, Jim Goss, George Freyer, and the many feather, light and middle-weights who have visited these shores and were most conspicuous failures.

It is about time that American and Irish-American pugilists received their just dues through the press in this country, and those who desire to parade English ahead of American and Irish-American pugilists, simply because they happened to be born under the Union Jack, should be squelched, for there is no English pugilist to day who can display courage, stamina and science equal to those who battle under the Stars and Stripes and were born in this country, either Americans or of Irish descent, and I want no better examples of this class than Jake Kilrain, Jack Dempsey and Jack McAuliffe.

The Suburban Handicap has been won almost every year by a representative of one of the largest racing establishments. It will be no surprise to the lovers of racing should the rich prize this year again be credited to one of the most prominent stables.

Among the thoroughbreds engaged in this now historical race can be found the names of sixty-one. The performance of sixty of them at either age are known to our readers. Only one horse's doings on the American turf are not yet known. This is the four-year-old imported English horse Galore. What he did on English soil reports have shown; what he can do on the American turf time alone will tell.

Of the sixty races known to the public some are of high quality, especially for the distance of ground the Suburban handicap is run at. Of the three-year-olds entered for the stakes, Champagne Charlie is the most notable one. His performance as a two-year-old last fall were greatly admired. They stamp him to be a race horse of the first class. Whether he will appear at the post for the great race is very doubtful. To back him now for this event would be unwise.

The next place to look for a horse worth backing for the Suburban would be among the four-year-olds. There are thirty of them. The most prominent ones are Badger, Bella B., Hypocrite, Judge Murray, Taragon, Yum Yum, Raceland and Prince Royal. All of them are in the handicap at very comfortable weights. It is doubtful whether Prince Royal and Raceland will face the starter for the great event. Badger and Judge Murray are good horses, and might be safely backed.

Coming to the list of the five-year-olds and aged horses of Suburban candidates, can be noticed at once the names of three horses whose performances in past years have astonished all race-goers. They were The Bard, Hanover and Terra Cotta. That the former two will start in the great race is doubted very much, but that the latter will, barring accidents, carry the Chicago stable's colors on June 15 at Sheephead Bay is pretty certain.

I see that on March 19, in England, the Derbyshire Handicap Steeplechase of 500 yards, at about 5 miles, all grass, was won by Neel Fenwick's aged bay filly Ringlet by three parts of a length. Captain Child's aged Merry Maiden was second, four lengths before Lord Dudley's aged Chancellor third. The last betting was 11 to 1 against Ringlet, 3 to 1 against Merry Maiden, and 6 to 1 against Chancellor. G. A. Robertson's six-year-old bay mare Louisa also ran, the betting against her being 7 to 2.

At the Crayden, England, meeting on March 12, the race for the Grand International Hurdle Race (handicap) of 500 sovereigns was won by W. Low's four-year-old bay colt Aleaenus. Lord Randolph Churchill's Banter was second. E. B. Webb's Diavolo third.

# TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## OUR PURCHASING DEPARTMENT.

Owing to the numerous orders that we are daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods, Portraits, Books, etc., of every description, we have, for the convenience of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, opened a

## SUPPLY AND PURCHASING AGENCY.

The department is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders that we are favored with will be filled at the manufacturers' and publishers' lowest prices. Orders filled promptly and must be in every case accompanied by the cash. Address PURCHASING DEPARTMENT, POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

M. W., New York City.—No.  
A. S. W., Albany, N. Y.—Yes.  
A. B. C., Paterson, N. J.—No.  
W. A. P., Pines Alta, Cal.—A wins.  
T. A. S., Hartford, Conn.—A wins.  
M. J. C., Hartford, Conn.—Thanks.  
G. W. & D. J., Tulare, Cal.—Radburn.  
W. M., Norway, Ia.—Nine and four-fifths seconds.  
H. W., Manor Station, Pa.—No such book published.  
M. S., Worcester, Mass.—Duncan C. Ross holds the trophy.  
MURGO, Newark, N. J.—See answer to D. J., Newark, N. J.  
A CONSTANT READER.—Pat Kilien did defeat Patsy Cardiff.  
S. S., Irwin, Pa.—We keep no record of English football games.  
T. H. H., Pelican Athletic Club, Boston.—Thanks for portraits.  
J. K., Noblesville, Ind.—John L. Sullivan issued the challenge.  
M. S., Paterson, N. J.—No rules govern the game in this country.

M. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—The party who threw three fours won.  
J. D. M., Findlay, Ohio.—In Madison Square Garden, New York.

J. R., Syracuse, N. Y.—1. Wm. O'Connor was born in Canada.  
2. No.

A. N. Y. READER.—A loses. McAuliffe and Daly boxed in Boston.

E. A., Elmira, N. Y.—What races do you mean, between men or horses?

J. J. E., Philadelphia.—Prof. Wm. McLean gives boxing lessons in your city.

A READER, Bruceville.—According to the new rules of the London prize ring.

PHILLIP, Rockford, Ill.—Send 25 cents to this office for "The American Athlete."

F. L., Allegheny, Pa.—Send 50 cents and we will mail you a book with the records.

M. W., Newark, N. J.—Joe Goss did first visit this country with Jim Mace. A wins.

D. J. S., San Francisco, Cal.—There is no official record for that style of high jumping.

M. B. CURTIS, Norway, Ia.—One hundred yards, 2 1/4 seconds.

M. K. Kittelman, Jan. 25, 1889.

ARNDT, Fordham, N. Y.—1. Col. Hunter owned Kentucky. 2. Yes. 3. No; it was Col. McDaniel.

T. W. C., New Bedford.—Jake Kilrain is taller, heavier and a bigger man than John L. Sullivan.

A. R., Carbon, W. T.—1. It was a misdeal. 2. We never answer questions by either mail or telegraph.

J. H. C., Brule River, Camp.—Your letter received; thanks. We cannot use your log loading sketch.

S. T., Mahanoy City, Pa.—Chamberlain is about 54 years old. He was married to Miss Endicott on Nov. 15, 1888.

H. L. H., Dodge City, Kan.—We have not space for the photo. Will publish the captain of the team if you send it.

S. W., New Bedford, Mass.—Yes; a 37-hour heel and toe walking match takes place at Paterson, N. J., on March 30.

A SUBSCRIBER, Bridgeport, Conn.—It is a decision that could not be rendered, for trains run as fast in this country as in England.

T. A. S. & J. W. C., Harlem, N. Y.—A wins. Half a minute is allowed according to London rules, and one minute Queensberry rules.

T. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Jake Kilrain was born in this State. His father is an American, being born in this country, while his mother was born in Ireland.

D. W., Ulysses, Pa.—There are no official records. Kenneth A. Skinner skated five miles on roller skates at Boston, June 17, 1888; in 30 minutes 50 1/2 seconds.

E. F. R., Hot Springs, Ark.—We have not time to search for your brother. Advertise for him in the POLICE GAZETTE. It is circulated in the vicinity of the place you speak of.

J. L. Z. O., Richmond, Va.—Yes; at the Star Theatre in this city. The POLICE GAZETTE will be mailed to your address for one year on receipt of \$4. "The Life and Battles of Jake Kilrain" is 25 cents.

T. S., Norwalk, Conn.—Homer Lane was champion collar-and-elbow wrestler in 1888. Col. J. H. McLaughlin succeeded him and won the title, and James Owens won the title from McLaughlin in 1871.

ANDY, Harlem, New York City.—Bookmakers generally make their own rules in combination, or what is styled according to English turf phrase, betting on double and treble events, consequently we cannot decide the dispute.

D. J., Gloversville, N. Y.—The R. M. Wright Hose Running Team, of Dodge City, Kan., at Wichita, Kan., on June 6, 1888, accomplished the feat of running 700 feet and plugging and laying 300 feet of rubber hose in 24 seconds.

M. J., Los Angeles, Cal.—Any sporting portraits of pugilists, carmen, including Wm. O'Connor, John Toemer, Edward Hanlan, H. Searle, Wm. Beach, Jake Kilrain, John L. Sullivan, etc., will be forwarded you on receipt of ten cents.

A., Coeur d'Alene City, Idaho.—On March 13 Jack Kendall, of Chicago, was defeated by Jerry Flower, the champion of Idaho, and Kendall was so thoroughly punished that Flower was arrested, as Kendall's life was thought to be in danger.

DEMOCRAT, Clarke, D. T.—1. Pendergast is living in Brooklyn. 2. Jake Kilrain's parents were married in this country. Kilrain's father was born in Roxbury, Mass.; his mother in Athlone, Ireland. Kilrain has one brother and one sister. Jim Smith was born in England.

T. W., New York City.—The officers of the Nereid Boat Club, of Belleville, N. J., are: A. F. Skinner, president; H. J. Winer, vice-president; C. E. Brower, secretary; F. H. Skinner, captain; J. W. Laffey, lieutenant; G. H. Casebolt, log keeper; Trustees—W. H. Webster, W. B. Van Houten, J. H. Eastwood, J. Hartwood, J. Hartman, Jr. and A. F. Skinner.

H. F. H., Baltimore, Md.—The following is the fastest time made in England at swimming 100 yards: 1 minute 13 seconds, J. Haggerty, at Hollingsworth, August 2, 1886; 1 minute 3 1/2 seconds, J. Haggerty, Blackburn, Sept. 22, 1887; 1 minute 13 seconds, J. Nuttall, August 1, 1887; 1 minute 8 1/2 seconds, J. Haggerty, May 6, 1887; 1 minute 6 1/2 seconds, J. Nuttall, September, 1888.

D. J., Newark, N. J.—1. The decision of a referee is final. 2. After you and your opponent are elected the referee, neither had anything to do but to carry out the match according to the contract. If there was any dispute about the referee not being conversant with the rules, that was the fault of your opponent and yourself selecting him to fill the position. The stakeholder must give up the stakes according to the fiat of the referee.

M. J. W., Omaha.—Steve, better known as Reddy Gallagher, of Cleveland, O., was born in Clarksville, Tenn., twenty-five years ago, and stands 5 feet 7 1/2 inches and weighs 152 pounds. His first fight was in 1864 with J. Moran, in Cleveland, whom he defeated in 5 minutes 20 seconds; defeated Brown, a 200-pound pugilist, in 1 minute 34 seconds; W. Deagan, in 2 rounds; J. Gallagher, in 3 rounds; Harry Park, in 3 rounds; Jimmy Connolly, of Boston, in 4 rounds; bested Prof. A. R. Ramsey in 1 round; fought Pete McCoy, but the police stopped the contest in the 6th round; stopped Dick Collier, the middle-weight, in 67 seconds; fought Jack Dempsey at the Cleveland Athletic Club 6 rounds, Dempsey breaking his arm in the 3d round; fought Charley Mitchell on July 27, 1887, 6 rounds, and made a gallant fight. He is both a London and a Marquis of Queensberry rules fighter.

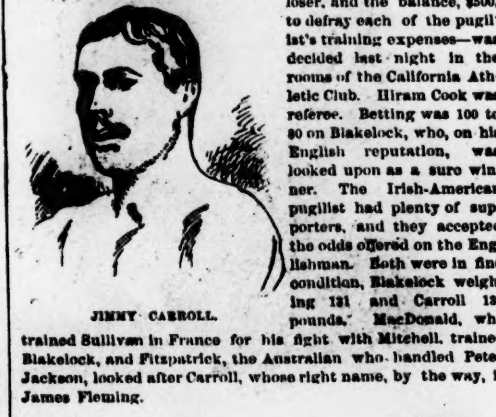
No sporting house or club should be without a framed collection of our elegant Cabinet Photographs. Only 10 cents each. Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

# TOO MUCH FOR THE BRITON.

Jimmy Carroll Knocks Out Sammy Blacklock in Sixteen Rounds at San Francisco, Cal.

[SPECIAL TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 30, 1889. The great light-weight battle between Jimmy Carroll, of Northampton, Mass., and Sammy Blacklock, the 180 pound champion of England, for \$2,000—\$1,000 to the winner, \$500 to the loser, and the balance, \$500, to defray each of the pugilist's training expenses—was decided last night in the rooms of the California Athletic Club. Hiram Cook was referee. Betting was 100 to 90 on Blacklock, who, on his English reputation, was looked upon as a sure winner. The Irish-American pugilist had plenty of supporters, and they accepted the odds offered on the Englishman. Both were in fine condition, Blacklock weighing 121, and Carroll 125 pounds. MacDonald, who trained Sullivan in France for his fight with Mitchell, trained Blacklock, and Fitzpatrick, the Australian who handled Peter Jackson, looked after Carroll, whose right name, by the way, is James Fleming.



FIFTH ROUND—CARROLL DRAWS FIRST BLOOD.

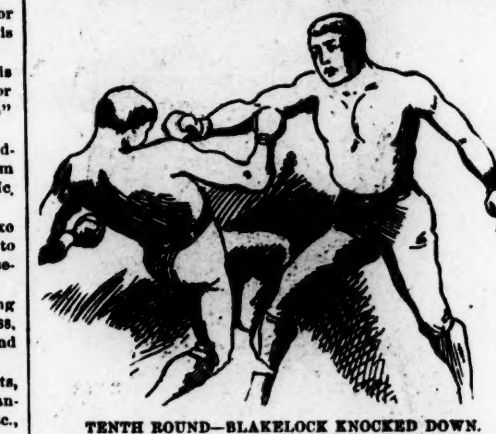
Carroll entered the ring accompanied by his seconds, Tom Meadows and Fitzpatrick. A moment later Blacklock made his appearance, with George MacDonald and Young Mitchell to look after his interest. Time was called at 9:45 P. M.

The Englishman was overrated, and proved to be no match for Carroll. Sixteen rounds were fought, all of which were decidedly in Carroll's favor, and in the last round Blacklock, who was terribly punished, quit, having had enough. The battle lasted 1 hour 3 minutes, and about \$4,000 changed hands. We give the last 6 rounds:

ROUND 11—Carroll's good work was a surprise. He again took the offensive, and now it was Blacklock who fought shy and did the dodging and pedestrian business.

12—Again Carroll showed a disposition to force the fighting, and succeeded in twice reaching the red mark over Blacklock's heart. It was a tender spot evidently, as Blacklock quickly stopped a third attempt, and gave Carroll a lively return on the neck.

13—It was Carroll now who was instructed to force matters, and he rushed Blacklock all over the ring amidst great excitement.



TENTH ROUND—BLAKELOCK KNOCKED DOWN.

Carroll seemed strong as a bull, while Blacklock appeared to be weakening. The round ended decidedly in Carroll's favor. 14—Carroll was at his man like a flash, and it was bang-bang-bang, with left and right. Blacklock got dazed, and someone shouted, "He's done!" As Blacklock staggered, Carroll essayed a knock-out blow, but was not quick enough, and Blacklock clinched to save himself.

15—The betting changed to \$100 to \$80 on Carroll, with no takers. Carroll returned at once to the work, and the round was a repetition of the previous one. Blacklock was manifestly a beaten man.

16 AND LAST—Carroll still viciously aggressive, but unable to get in a knock-out blow. Blacklock so weak he could hardly stand, and very badly winded. He took the punishment with a gameness that was astonishing. Twice he was knocked down, but got up promptly, and returned to the fight. At the call of "time" he was too weak to reach his corner without assistance, and Carroll being still fresh and strong, Blacklock's seconds abandoned the contest, and the referee declared Carroll the winner of the match.



SIXTEENTH ROUND—BLAKELOCK KNOCKED OUT.

Carroll is said to be the best light-weight ever seen on the Pacific Slope, and his victory was hailed with delight by the Irish and American sporting men.





CAPT. M. W. CORTRIGHT,  
OF THE 32ND PRECINCT, NEW YORK, ONE OF IN-  
SPECTOR CONLIN'S STANDBYS.



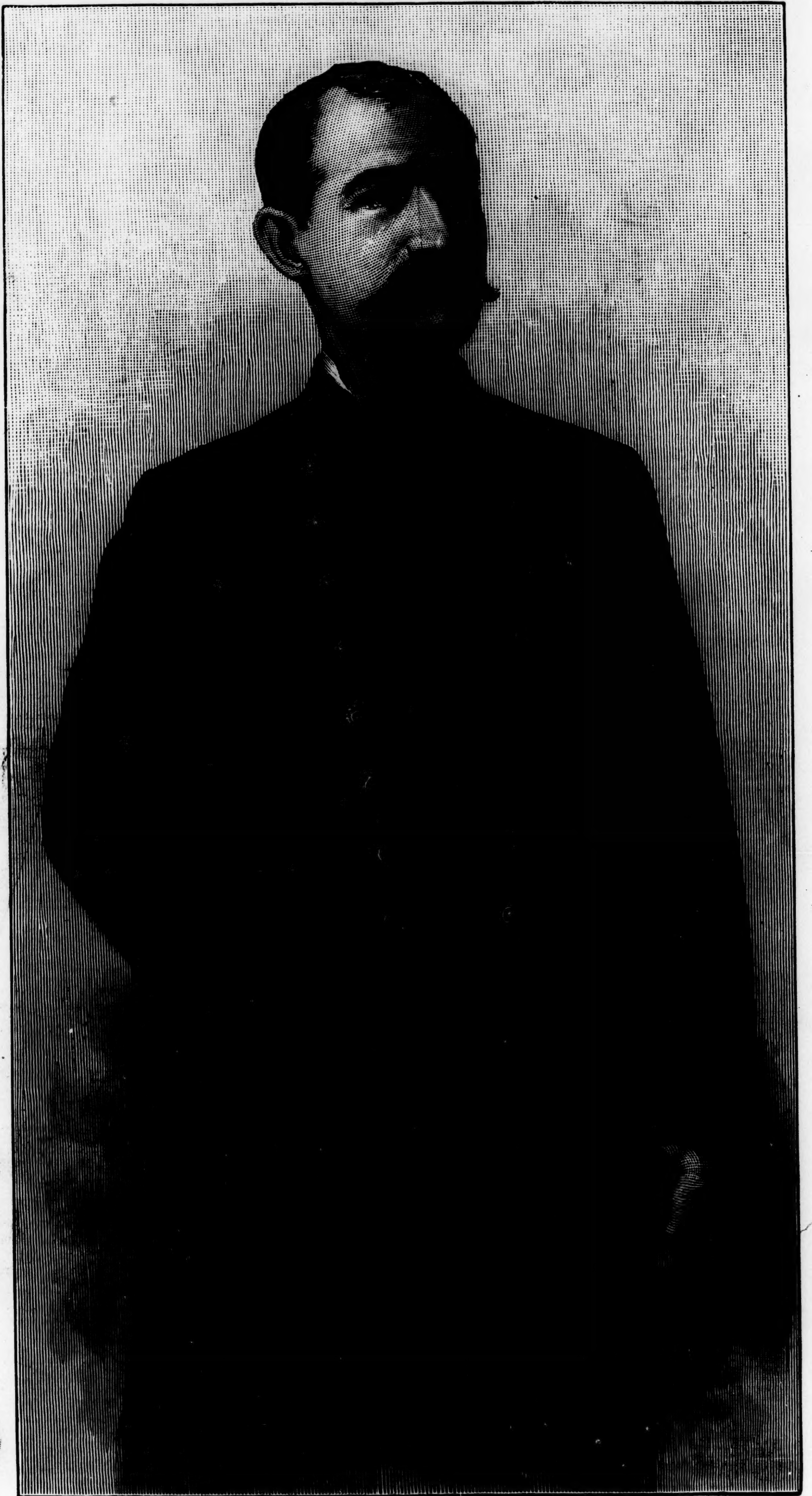
CAPT. JOHN SANDERS,  
OF THE 81ST PRECINCT, NEW YORK, A POPULAR  
AND EFFICIENT OFFICER.



CAPT. J. A. WESTERVELT,  
THE POPULAR OFFICER OF THE 29TH PRECINCT.



CAPT. NICHOLAS BROOKS,  
OF THE 83RD PRECINCT, A FAITHFUL OFFICER.



INSPECTOR PETER CONLIN,  
A CAPABLE AND EFFICIENT OFFICER OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE FORCE, A MAN OF MODEST Mien.

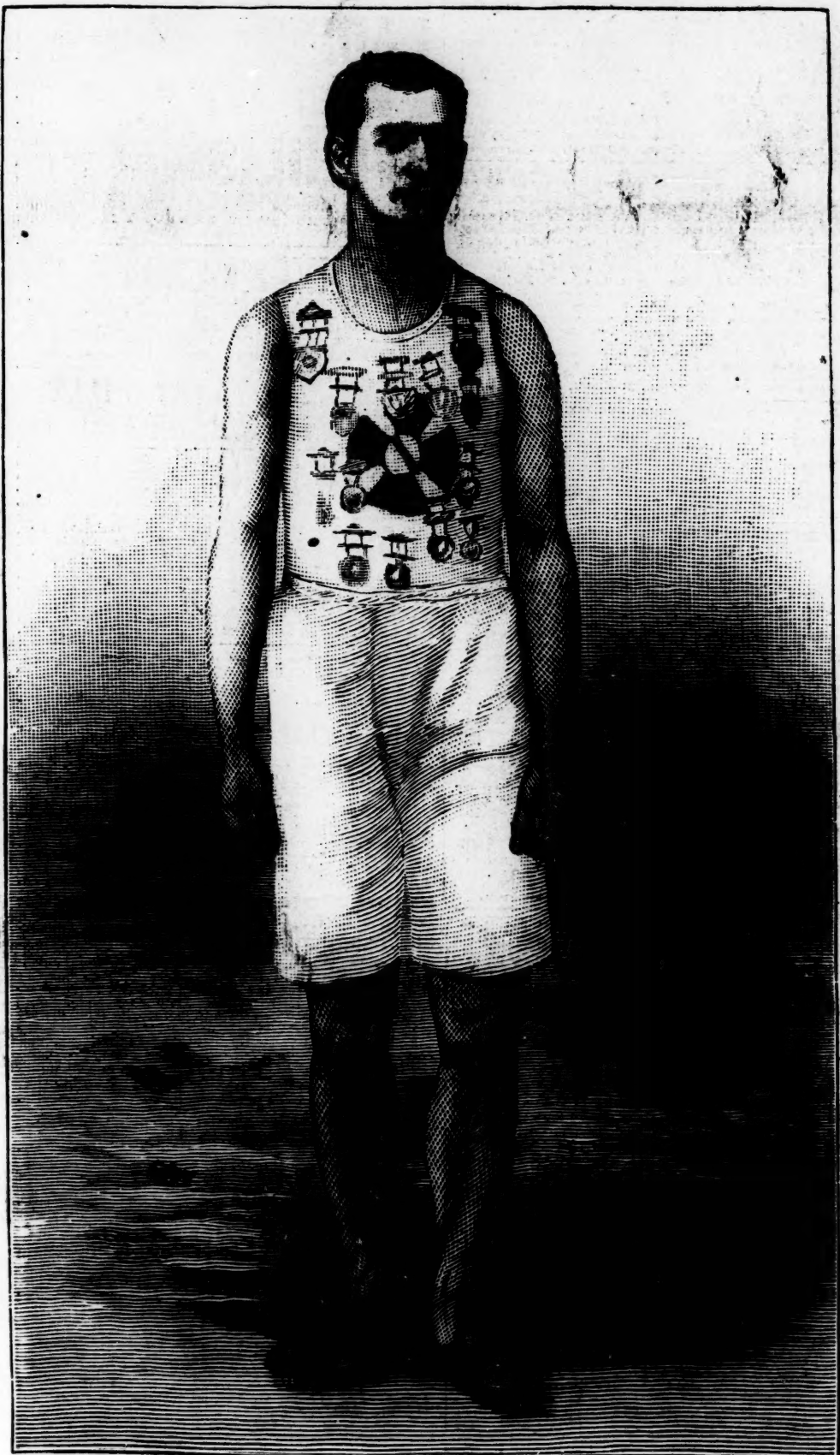




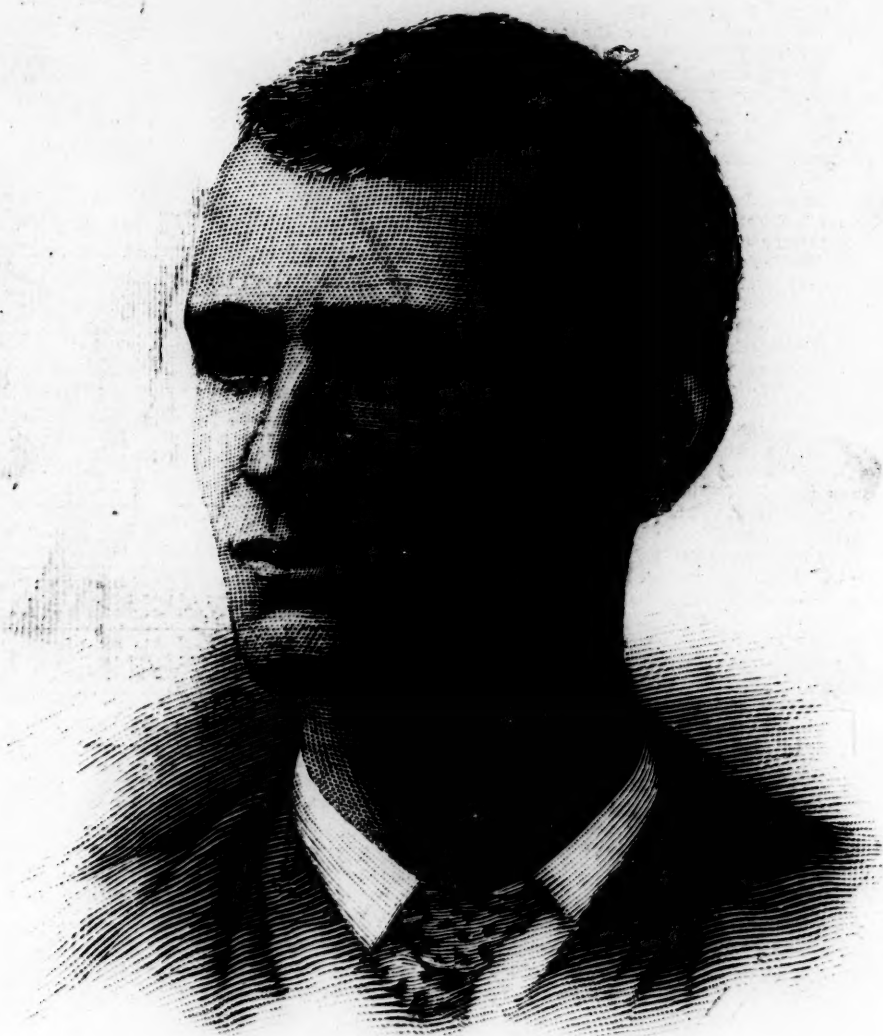
CALLIE CURTIS,  
THE RETIRED CHAMPION SKATER OF THE WORLD.



JOHN T. GRIFFIN,  
PROMISING FEATHER-WEIGHT OF BRAINTREE, MASS., WHOSE RECORD IS A NO. 1.



A. BROWN,  
FAMOUS AMATEUR ATHLETE OF THE PASTIME ATHLETIC CLUB, NEW YORK.



THOMAS H. HIGHAM,  
NOTED ALL-ROUND ATHLETE, TRAINER OF PUGILISTS, ETC.







## MEDICAL





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